

# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CXXCI

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## IN TIME OF SLAUGHTER.

When I weekly knew  
 An ancient pew,  
 And murmured there  
 The forms of prayer,  
 And thanks, and praise,  
 In the ancient ways,  
 And heard read out  
 During August drought  
 That chapter from Kings  
 The Trinity-time brings;  
 How the prophet, broken  
 By griefs unspoken,  
 Went heavily away  
 To fast and to pray,  
 And while waiting to die  
 The Lord passed by;  
 And whirlwind and fire  
 Drew nigher and nigher,  
 And a small voice anon  
 Bade him up and be gone,  
 I did not apprehend,  
 As I sat to the end,  
 And watched for a smile  
 Across the south-aisle,  
 That this tale of a seer  
 Which came once a year  
 Might, when sands were heaping,  
 Be like a sweat creeping,  
 Or in any degree  
 Bear on her and me.

When later I stood  
 By the chancel-rood  
 On a hot afternoon,  
 And read the same words  
 To the gathered few—  
 Those of flocks and herds  
 Sitting half aswoon,  
 Who listened thereto  
 As women and men  
 Detached—even then  
 I did not see  
 What drought there might be  
 With me, with her,  
 As the Kalendar  
 Moved on, and Time  
 Devoured our prime.

But now, at last,  
 When our sun has passed,  
 And spiritless  
 In the wilderness

I shrink from sight  
 And desire the night  
 (Though, as in old wise,  
 I might still arise,  
 Go forth, and stand  
 And prophesy in the land),  
 I feel the shake  
 Of wind and earthquake,  
 And consuming fire  
 Nigher and nigher,  
 And the voice catch clear:  
 "What doest thou here?"

*Thomas Hardy.*

The Spectator.

## LIFE, DEATH, AND LOVE.

## AN OLD SONG.

Life! ah, life is a tangled webbe,  
 Its threaddes ye Fates doe holde:  
 And as they stande, with careless hande  
 Each life they interfolde:  
 And one by one ye dayes are donne  
 While ye ceaseless spynninge-wheeles  
 doth runne—  
 Till at last ye final skeine be spunne,  
 And ye tale of our dayes is told,  
 Ye tale of our dayes is told!

Death, ah, Death is a cruell Kyng  
 Whose hand is bare and colde:  
 He mute doth sitte, and ruthlesse slitte  
 Ye threads of young and olde;  
 And thatte is why wyth a fearestrucke  
 eye  
 Man seeth funeralles passinge bye—  
 For he knoweth he himselfe muste dye  
 When ye tale of hys dayes is told,  
 When ye tale of hys dayes is told!

Love, ah, Love is a gentle queene  
 And she weaveth threaddes of golde:  
 They somewheres shyne in every line  
 With radiance sweete and bolde;  
 'Tis she can save the poorest slave  
 For she reacheth farre beyonde ye grave,  
 And ye floore of an heavenlie path doth  
 pave  
 When ye tale of hys dayes is told,  
 When ye tale of hys dayes is told!

*Alexander Gordon Cowie.*

The Poetry Review.

## THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN THE MAKING.

A change has been manifested in the policy of the United States which merits and will receive the closest attention in this country and throughout the world. A course has been adopted which is intended to raise the Republic to the rank of the second Naval Power. "America first and America efficient" was the watchword of Judge Hughes in his candidature for the Presidency. Build this second greatest Navy with the intention of "upholding our rights everywhere and all the time"! All the arts of the politician were employed by the Republicans in the presidential campaign to represent President Wilson as a Democrat weakling, whose outer administration has been a "travesty of international policy." It is he who is responsible for the Mexican imbroglio and other complications. At his door is laid the heavy charge of having paltered with the *Lusitania* question, and he is directly accused of having brought about the outrage by failing to convince foreign nations beforehand that they would be held to strict accountability. In the sphere of practical politics all the arguments of the Republican party imply and directly lead to the constitution of a Navy which shall not be inferior to any other in the world, the British Navy alone excepted.

But it is significant to observe that this is not less the policy of President Wilson, who, though proclaiming himself a lover of peace, has been compelled by the force of circumstances to recognize a new situation, and to lay aside his original aspirations for the arbitrament of quarrels and the Federation of the World. President Wilson is an honest man, but the unmistakable direction of public opinion has doubtless been a counsel of prudence to him and to Mr. Josephus

Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, in the matter of naval preparedness. It is their naval program, at least, that holds the field. When Judge Hughes was speaking at Tacoma (Wash.) he said that he would not shrink even from war, if war was necessary, for the protection of American citizens abroad. He was compelled to admit, however, that the Democrats were pledged essentially to the same policy if the German submarine campaign should be renewed, but his plea was that he would ensure that the policy should be real and effective. The States are to be made in every respect fully ready and prepared.

The unanimity with which the opposing parties advocate the adoption of a strong naval policy is the most remarkable feature of the situation, and the steps already sanctioned by Congress will certainly introduce a new and powerful factor into the strategic balance of the world. For the first time in the history of the country a continuous naval program has been approved, and the warning voice of the General Naval Board, which may be regarded as a sort of advisory Board of Admiralty, having long been a voice crying in the wilderness, has at length obtained a hearing. The country, or that part of it which is articulate and favors the Allies, had in fact reached such a state of mind that it would not any longer tolerate anything derogatory to the position of the United States among the world Powers. The rank and file of all parties and the vigilance of some leaders of opinion forced a reluctant Congress to action. There had been a sense of real humiliation at the attitude of non-resistance which seemed to have inspired Mr. Wilson's policy with regard to Germany. It was said that

Americans were apparently more concerned in the acquisition of dollars than with the rights of humanity, and that the accumulation of wealth went on, and indeed in part arose from the agonizing struggle of the Old World, in which, however, no human interest was displayed. This latter allegation was not true, as all people know who are acquainted with the good work done by Americans in several theatres of the War. The result of the agitation was such that an energetic campaign was set on foot against shiftless unreadiness. A "preparedness movement" grew out of it, and everywhere up and down the country honest citizens, with more or less intelligence, were to be seen training and drilling with vague hopes of some kind of organization. Threats which were not made good had deeply humiliated the country. Accordingly sums are to be spent which exceed the ordinary revenue of the United States for any year preceding 1911, which almost double the cost of the Panama Canal, and which exceed more than two thirds of the value of the whole of the wheat crop of the States.

Mr. W. G. Fitzgerald showed in the August number of this Review\* the nature of American "opinion" and the curiously mixed motives which go to the constitution of what is called the United States policy. As he truly said, the problems of Maine are as far apart from those of Montana as are those of Ireland from those of Albania, and what could a State like Mississippi, in which the negroes outnumber the whites, have in common with cultured Massachusetts? Moreover, how far was the fling from the alligators and palms of Florida to the wolf-haunted, icy flats of Minnesota! Nevertheless, amid all the divagations of the Press and the politicians, and all the argu-

ments of opposing platforms, there is traceable a new and direct line of policy.

The German semi-official *Nauticus* acutely pointed out, indeed, in 1914, that Republicans and Democrats may come and go, but that the forward policy of the country remains unchanged. President Wilson came in with the Democrats in March 1913, but the Democratic party men, brought into touch with practical responsibilities, were content to pour oratorical blessings on "unpreparedness" while they looked after national interests in defense all the time, and, except in regard to the tariff, few changes occurred. Japan was still energetically resisted in the matter of California, and "by countenancing a sanguinary revolution and occupying the territory of a foreign State," said the German writer, the United States sought to remove an inconvenient President. Moreover, Mr. Churchill's proposal for a "naval holiday" found support in Congress, but the Secretary for the Navy brought in a program for the year of two battleships, while the Republican party in the last two years of their government had provided for only one battleship in each year.

The belief is widespread in the United States that Germany is the potential enemy, and that naval policy must be directed to preparations for German attack. Papers like the *New York Herald* and *New York World* adopt this point of view very strongly, and often attack the Germans with all the vigor of the Allies. The attitude of the United States Government with regard to the acquisition of the Danish West Indian Islands resulted from apprehension of German intrusion in that quarter. Great alarm was caused by the German submarine campaign, and probably even more by the malign activities of Captain von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed.

\*"The Apathy of America." *THE LIVING AGE*, Sept. 30, 1916.



To explain the situation we have only to look to Germany (says the *World*). The United States is arming because it is suspicious of Germany—not the German people, but the class which has made the German name terrible in Belgium, in France, in Serbia, and in Armenia; which has made treaties and laws a byword, and which even now is studiously instructing an oncoming generation in hostility to ourselves. The American people and their representatives assume these unprecedented burdens because they have no faith in the war party that rules the German Empire; because they are not certain how such a peace as may presently be arranged in Europe will change conditions, materially, and because they know that any composition of Germany's difficulties today or tomorrow will not remove the deep-seated hatred of America and the thirst for revenge which Junkerism has encouraged. This is the truth of the matter. The hundreds of millions that we are voting for defense are the price that we are to pay for security because Germany proved herself a bad neighbor.

There has been undoubtedly great resentment at those who, in the words of President Wilson, had followed tragedy by tragedy in a manner "incompatible with the principles of humanity, the long-established and incontrovertible rights of neutrals, and the sacred immunities of non-combatants," compelling him to threaten to "sever diplomatic relations with the Government of the German Empire altogether." On another occasion he said the Germans "have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our (American) national life, and have sought to bring the authority and good name of our Government into contempt, to destroy our industries, and to debase our politics to the uses of foreign intrigue." Probably ninety-five per cent of Americans of British and Allied descent sympa-

thize heart and soul with the Allies, but there are ten millions of people of German origin in the States, of whom nearly two million have votes, mainly in the States of New York, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Indiana, New Jersey, California, Nebraska, Kansas, and North and South Dakota, and these people have their propaganda in eight hundred newspapers printed in German, while large numbers of papers in the English language support the German cause throughout the States.

Many things have conduced to the attitude of Congress on the naval question. The impotence of the Republic had become apparent to thinking Americans, and the excitement and agitation of the War afford the opportunity that has long been sought to bring about a great naval expansion. The whole country buzzes with the work of the War, and the Navy and the mercantile marine are pressing forward together. Never has such a movement of opinion been witnessed in the United States. The German submarine campaign, the British blockade, and suspicion of our Japanese Ally have all been used to wring from the hitherto reluctant Congress the supplies that are required. As we have suffered, so may the United States suffer! *Proximis ardet Ucalagon!* That which before was refused has now been granted, and the American Naval Bill was pushed through Congress by means of a vigorous Press and platform campaign, much as the original German Navy Law was pressed through the previously unwilling Reichstag by the agitation of the Press and the leagues and the unremitting literary campaign of the Imperial Navy Office.

Prince Bulow\* expresses the keenest disappointment at the attitude of the United States Government during

\**Deutsche Politik*, pp. 47-51.

the War. Germans in the States have been loyal to their country, he says, and have stood their *Feuerprobe*. He declared in the Reichstag in February 1899 that he could see no reason why friendly relations between Germany and the United States should not be of the best, and he is of the same opinion still. Did not the Kaiser cultivate personal friendship with President Roosevelt—*quantum mutatus ab illo!*—and was not there an interchange of professors between the two countries? Has not the Deutsch-Amerikanischer Nationalbund done all it could to stimulate good relations, and yet what is the attitude of the United States Government? The hectoring of the German Government by President Wilson and Mr. Lansing on the submarine question "stands alone in the history of diplomatic relations." The Prince sadly admits, too, that opinion among English-speaking Americans has gone solid for the Allies, and he has read with sorrow of the swaggering attitude of American banks, like that of a New York bank, which reported, in July 1915, that "gold was flowing to us from every part of the world, the imports of the past six months beating all records in our financial history."

It would be an error to suppose that the great plan of American naval expansion, urged by the General Naval Board, presented by the Naval Secretary, adopted by the House of Representatives as a five years' program, and sanctioned by the Senate with expedition to be completed within three years, as a first instalment, is inspired solely by suspicion of Germany. The causes lie deeper and are wider in their elements. Senator Swanson, of Virginia, set forth very forcibly the naval needs of the United States in his support of the Naval Bill, and his arguments are very significant, though he employed the arts of the

politician, in using the emotions and prejudices of the time, to enforce some of them.

He declared that the necessity for an adequate Navy was greater than ever before in American history. The time had passed in the history of the world when any nation could successfully lead an isolated life. All parts of the habitable globe in times of peace were closely connected. The development and prosperity of every nation was largely dependent upon its foreign commerce. For any civilized nation to be denied access to the seas for the sale and purchase of commodities would mean its financial bankruptcy and ruin. Especially was this true of the United States, whose exports exceeded those of any nation. Great crops of tobacco, cotton, wheat, and corn would find no profitable sale unless the merchants had access to the seas to sell them in foreign markets. Vast meat products would spoil but for foreign trade. Immense manufacturing and mining industries would languish except for the great outlet found in foreign countries for the surplus. There was not a citizen in the Republic, he said, whose material prosperity was not more or less dependent upon the Navy.

The unjust restrictions that Great Britain has imposed upon our commerce during the progress of this War further emphasize to us the necessity of having a navy large enough to demand and enforce our rights. In modern commerce, with its varied trade complexities, the nation that is helpless upon the seas is the prey of all marauders and has its future destiny directed by others. . . . The Central and South American States have not been the subject of spoliation by European Powers only because the United States has maintained as its declared foreign policy the great Monroe doctrine, which protects these from European aggression, and be-

cause the United States at that time, in comparison with existing naval conditions, and on account of the mutual mistrust of other nations, had naval power sufficient to enforce this doctrine if challenged. Before the shadows of this impending War arose our Navy was safely the second in the world, and we were respected and feared. Are we foolish enough to suppose that this aggressive spirit of the European Powers has been satiated and will cease at the termination of this War? . . . Are we foolish enough to believe that this nation, with its vast wealth and unsurpassed possibilities—the object of envy and jealousy of other nations—can be safe if we permit ourselves to become a fourth or fifth rate naval Power? Are we simple-minded enough to risk our national safety to the chances of their mutual jealousies and enmities? Could this restrain each of them when the destruction of our Navy would mean the overthrow of the Monroe doctrine and the opening up to them of Central and South America for the purpose of exploitation and spoliation? Has not one of these nations disputed the Monroe doctrine, and only needed a sufficient navy to challenge it? Have we not an aggressive Eastern neighbor who looks with covetous eyes upon our Philippine possessions? Are we weak-minded enough to imagine that we can control the Panama Canal for our own advantage and profit unless we have a Navy sufficient fully to protect it? Are we going to permit the 300,000,000 dollars we expended in this great enterprise to be appropriated by other nations with superior naval strength?

Senator Swanson warned his compatriots not to be so foolish as to trust all of their nation's rights and their national safety and independence to treaties and arbitration tribunals. Recent history had shown that nations, when self-interest demanded, looked upon treaties as simple paper documents to be disregarded. The ink was

scarcely dry which fixed the signature of Russia and Japan to the Hague arbitration treaty before they were engaged in a terrific war to see which should be the successful despoiler of large Provinces belonging to the Chinese Empire! Italy, he said, was not restrained by her solemn pledge of peace and arbitration made to Turkey from seeking to enrich herself by the acquisition of Tripoli. No pledge, he averred, made by Russia and Great Britain to Persia, "restrained them from dividing among themselves that helpless nation." Germany had by treaty pledged to Belgium integrity of territory and neutrality, but this did not save her from flagrant invasion. The Allied Powers, he said, had guaranteed neutrality to Greece, but this did not prevent them, when military advantages demanded, from seizing her territory and using it for their military activities. Treaties and justice had ceased to be barriers against military aggression and ambition. For this reason he warned the Senate to realize that all American rights, the preservation of American institutions, the possession of wealth, and the enjoyment of foreign commerce, the continuation of the Monroe doctrine, and the ownership of the Panama Canal were dependent upon the strong national arm, manifested and exercised through the Navy. The Germans were restless in their endeavors to secure economic control in regions which it was the duty of the United States to preserve in political and financial independence. "The future of this mighty Republic lies upon the seas." The German Emperor had used the like words, and the exponents of the German Navy Law had never spoken more forcibly. Senator Swanson is only one of many who have held such language, and, notwithstanding American sympathy with the Allies, it cannot be said that the Congression-

al Records always afford pleasant reading to Englishmen.

The War has evidently proved the opportunity of those who foresee grave dangers to the American commonwealth, and advocate great naval expansion as a safeguard. President Wilson did not withstand the drift of public opinion. Even Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, became a strong Navy man. He had done a great deal to undermine the spirit of the United States Navy. His peculiar views concerning the Navy as a temperance institution, every ship a "school in which youths would have opportunities of improving their minds," and the whole Fleet a "great naval university," had made it ridiculous. Mr. Meyer, his predecessor, had found the need of bringing naval opinion to bear on naval policy, and had therefore instituted the offices of naval "Aids" or "Chiefs," who were officers of great experience. But to Mr. Daniels it appeared that these officers had become too powerful, and accordingly he set himself to limit their functions. This brought him into violent conflict with Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, Chief of Operations, whose duties were those of a Chief of the Naval Staff, and that officer resigned. This conflict, in association with other acts of the Naval Secretary, profoundly discouraged the United States Navy, and struck a blow at its moral.

But in the sphere of practical politics the Secretary became the exponent of a new and forward policy, neglecting only the personal side of the question, until its importance was forced upon him. For the first time in the Report of a Secretary of the Navy (December 1, 1915), a plan was submitted which covered not only the necessities of the immediate future, but had been extended to cover a period of five years—since reduced to

three years. Nothing, said Mr. Daniels, was to be gained by panic expenditure in the haste of threatened or actual war, and still less by sudden fluctuations and unexpected changes in policy. At first the Secretary thought of a ten-years' program, but other counsels afterwards prevailed.

Among the deep and hidden currents which influence this policy suspicion of Japan runs strongest and is most persistent. It ranks at least equally with any fear that has been created of German intentions. Various considerations of a naval and commercial order turned attention to the Pacific and led to the construction of the Panama Canal. Admiral Mahan said the maintenance of the Canal in effective operation was one of the large elements in the future development of sea-power in the Pacific. There existed no similar condition of dependence upon a canal anywhere else. The Suez Canal gave to Great Britain an interior route to India and her Australasian Dominions, "but the existence of the British Empire does not depend upon that route as vitally as the ability of our thickly settled Atlantic coast to come to the aid of the Pacific depends upon Panama." The Hawaiian group, he said, was undoubtedly an outpost of the United States of the first importance to the security of the Pacific coast from attack, but without the protection of a powerful Fleet in the Pacific its situation was peculiarly vulnerable.

During the eighteenth century (said Mahan) Great Britain at Gibraltar held the entrance of the Mediterranean successfully against all comers; but in the same period she twice lost Minorca, an outpost like Hawaii, because the Navy was too heavily engaged in the Atlantic, and the land forces elsewhere, to afford relief. In case of the fall of Pearl Harbor, where the defense of Hawaii is concentrated, an enemy temporarily superior to the



United States in local naval force would become possessed of a fortified permanent base of operations within half-steaming distance of the Pacific shore. On that shore, in furtherance of his designs, he could establish temporary depôts for coaling and repairs, as Japan in the recent war did at the Elliott Islands, sixty miles from Port Arthur, then the decisive objective of her military and naval operations. Such advanced temporary positions need a permanent base not too far distant, such as the Japanese home ports, Sasebo and Kure, afford the Elliott Islands, and as Pearl Harbor, in the instance considered, would to a Navy resting upon it.\*

Ten years ago the ineradicable opinion of the average Californian was that war with Japan would come within five years. It was believed that Japan desired to possess the Philippines and Hawaii, and that, as soon as she recovered financial strength, she would seek a pretext for war. There was newspaper agitation in both countries in and about the year 1907. Admiral Sakamoto was alleged to have belittled the American Navy, the Press took the matter up, and the United States Government was urged to send the battle fleet to the Philippines. It was gravely argued that Great Britain was pledged to go to the assistance of her ally in case of war, which it was assumed would be provoked by Japan. Stirring orations were delivered in the rival countries, and each set about to boycott the citizens of the other. How far bluff entered originally into the great world cruise of the United States Fleet in 1908 it would be impossible to determine. Mr. Roosevelt, then President, said that the Pacific Coast was as much a part of the United States as the Atlantic coast, and the man in the street asked, therefore, how Japan or any other nation could question the right of the American Government

to send its fleet into its own waters? There is no evidence that the Japanese Government ever questioned that right. The Navy Department represented the cruise as an exercise on a large scale, highly advantageous as a test of the material of the Navy, and a great and valuable experience for officers and men. Undoubtedly it had that intention and, whatever agitation arose from the Yellow Press and the platform, the Governments took no steps that could foment a quarrel. As a matter of fact, the situation had lost its acute character before the fleet sailed. It visited Australian and New Zealand ports, Yokohama, Amoy, Ceylon, and the Mediterranean, and returned to Hampton Roads after having steamed 45,000 miles and having contributed more to international amity than to the cause of quarrel between the United States and Japan.

Before the end of 1908 the excitement had died down, and riots and outrages in San Francisco were at an end. The United States and Japan, after negotiations in which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root played a pacific part, made a joint declaration of harmonious purposes in the Pacific, and of their desire to extend the full and peaceful development of the commerce of the countries that bordered it, and especially to avoid entanglements in China. The migration of Japanese labor to the Western border was checked.

But still the Californians were not satisfied, and one of Mr. Wilson's earliest problems was to prevent the State of California from discriminating against the rights of the Japanese who were already settled in the country. He was very apprehensive regarding the outcome of the difficulty. There was again talk of war with Japan in 1913, and his professional advisers of the Navy Department and the Naval War College were all in favor of sta-

\**Armaments and Arbitration*. p. 165.



tioning the Fleet in the Pacific and strengthening the garrison of Hawaii. The Federal Government was weak in its control, as was the Japanese ministry, and the jingo populations on both sides of the Pacific were again agitating in the direction of war. Count Hayashi had placed the situation quite plainly before President Taft.

My people (he said) have grown much in national stature. They have won successes, civil and military. They have a deep love for their country and for their fellow-countrymen, and perhaps they have what you will call self-conceit. However this may be, their sensitiveness as a nation has increased and it makes them deeply resent an injustice or an invidious discrimination against them in a foreign country by a foreign people.

Even in the present year questions of such discrimination have been raised, and bitter feeling was caused in Japan by a proposal made by the House of Representatives to rank the Japanese and the Hindus in one objectionable class together.

Changes in international politics are sometimes kaleidoscopic in their sudden and violent changes. Deep and hidden currents direct them which are rarely reflected in the Press, and never expressed in the legislatures of any country. Whatever pro-German papers may say in the United States, whatever protests against our blockade may emanate from cotton-growers, whatever objections may be raised to "taking orders from any country outside our own," as an Ohio Congressman expressed it, there exists the strongest bond between the British Empire and the United States. The principles that actuate them, and the common interests which are theirs, forbid any deeply seated hostility between them. Far-seeing Americans are peering into the future. They are looking to a new grouping of the Powers. They have

never liked our alliance with Japan, except from the point of view that it might exercise a restraining influence, and abate the tension in the Pacific. Dimly foreseen is a recurrence to the old policy of Bismarck, which created and maintained the now extinct Triple Alliance, and yet maintained a firm understanding with Russia. It is feared, or even anticipated, that after the War there may be a *rapprochement* between Germany and Russia. There are thinkers in America who believe that the ultimate interests of Russia may bind her to Germany rather than to ourselves. They are looking over and beyond the causes and character of the present war. They are dabbling, in the phrase of Prince Bülow, in the boundless, and he might have added uncharted, ocean of political conjecture. But their speculations undoubtedly color the atmosphere of American policy, and it was not without a shock that they found Japan united by a firm alliance to Russia, supplying her with war material and raising a loan for her purposes. Germany, Russia, and Japan seem to group themselves in American eyes in a probable alliance of the future, and, therefore, knowing well that they cannot preserve their detachment from world affairs, they turn naturally to the French and ourselves.

Suspicion of Japan is indeed not concealed. That country is poor and burdened, but the Japanese Government is increasing both its naval and military forces. The Japanese are threatening the integrity of the Monroe doctrine and are supposed to have had a purpose of interfering in Mexico. Early in the war a commander in the Japanese Navy, whom the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia described as "Japan's Bernhardt," published a popular book, entitled *Tsugo-no Issen* (The War to Come), in which he asked, if the arrogance of the Americans to-

wards the Japanese continued, and if Japan's Navy remained unready, how could the Pacific remain calm and tranquil for years to come? Americans on their part have discovered a militarist caste in Japan, of whom Dr. W. E. Griffis says, in *The Japanese Nation in Evolution*, that they present the greatest danger, because the masses are dumb, and, under the plea of "necessity," "danger," or "the glory of Japan beyond the seas," they may "exalt the sword as the sacred element of the nation." Little has been heard of the Pacific question during the War, but it has agitated opinion in the United States with undiminished vigor, and has been employed, as a valuable auxiliary, by all those who, in the Press or the committees of the House and the Senate, have carried on the new naval campaign.

Having analyzed the tendencies that are at work in the commonwealth of the great Republic, it remains to show what is their outcome in the program of naval expansion. In 1903 the General Board of the Navy advocated a continuous building program, which would have provided an establishment of forty-eight battleships by 1919, but it was of no effect, and for ten years remained a secret document. In March 1913 the Board entered a protest, declaring that there was not and never had been in any true sense a naval policy of the Government. The existing fleet was the "growth of an inadequately expressed public opinion." It had followed the law of expediency to meet temporary emergencies, and had no relation to the true meaning of naval power. The shortage of ships and men had become a positive danger. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, declared that President Taft's "great mobilization" in New York Harbor in 1912 was farcical, and that "the time for knocking had gone by, and that

the time for boosting had come." A real sense of danger, a sentiment of national pride, not unmingled with imperial ambition, and the clamorous voices of those who were interested in war industries of many kinds, all conduced to press the naval schemes forward. The Secretary's five-years' scheme, which was sanctioned by the President, proposed the laying down of 10 battleships (2 in each year), 6 battle-cruisers (of which 2 in the first year), 10 scout-cruisers, 50 destroyers, 100 submarines, and certain auxiliaries, making a total of 185 vessels of all classes.

But there were the customary wrangles in the committees of the House and the Senate, out of which ultimately grew a sharp contest between the Republicans and the Democrats as to who should have credit for a sufficient defense program. Congressmen who had been "Little Navy-ites" found themselves, to their own surprise, voting for unparalleled programs. For the sake of clearness it may be well to set out in a short table the plans of the various authorities as they concern the principal classes of vessels for the first year of construction.

	Battle ships	Battle- Cruisers	Scouts	Sub- ma- rines	Destroyers
Naval Secretary	2	2	3	30	15
General Board	4	4	6	37	28
House Naval Committee	—	5	4	20	10
Republican mi- nority	2	6	6	50	28
Senate Naval Committee	4	4	4	30	20

The latter program has finally been adopted as part of the five-years' program, but, as the result of a conference, the decision was arrived at, and was approved by President Wilson, to reduce the period allowed for com-

pletion of the ships from five years to three. The schemes extend much further, their purpose being to create an establishment and maintain it by the building of new ships in place of old ones. The Naval Bill, as passed by the Senate and finally sanctioned, called for the expenditure, in the first year, of the largest sum ever recorded to have been outlaid by any Power for naval purposes in a single year, viz. 63,160,000*l.*, being 9,160,000*l.* more than the House of Representatives had contemplated. Taking into account existing ships and ships under construction which will be effective on the 1st of January 1919, the United States Navy will consist at that date of 27 first-class battleships, 6 battle-cruisers, 25 second-line pre-Dreadnoughts, 10 armored cruisers, 31 other cruisers, 108 destroyers, and 175 various submarines, besides old monitors, gunboats, auxiliaries, etc., Six additional Dreadnought battleships and two battle-cruisers will have to be laid down in the two subsequent years, as well as other vessels, and the total expenditure will be about 103,000,000*l.*

A remarkable feature of the scheme is the building of battle-cruisers, which are new to the United States Navy. After the Jutland Battle, Secretary Daniels took alarm, and asked officers who had previously reported in favor of them to reconsider their opinions. Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, president of the Naval War College, said he saw no reason to alter his views. In the Jutland engagement "the battle-cruisers were doing the work of battleships, for which they were not designed, and they paid a penalty which was more or less inevitable." If Admiral Jellicoe had attained decisive success that would have been due entirely to the battle-cruisers, and thus they were the reverse of discredited. They had assumed a new function. Captain

William D. Sims, of the *Nevada*, whose opinion seems to have carried considerable weight, took the same view, basing his opinion on rather different grounds. His arguments were embodied in a secret report which, however, was published in the *New York Herald* and other papers, and therefore may be quoted here. Captain Sims contended that our battle-cruisers had not been compelled by strategical necessity to accept engagement with the German battleships.

The contention of British writers that the sacrifice of the battle-cruiser squadron in fighting a delaying action against battleships late in the afternoon was justified in the hope of bringing on a general action between the main fleets is not believed to be sound, and this for the simple reason that the military situation did not require the British Fleet to fight a decisive action, or any action at all, because they already had practically as complete control of the sea as would have resulted from the defeat of the enemy fleet. Control of the sea is accomplished when the enemy fleet is defeated or "contained," and the German Fleet had been "contained" since the beginning of the War, is now "contained," and doubtless will remain so.\*

His conclusion, however, was the same as that of Rear-Admiral Knight. He said that naval critics in the United States, and also in Germany, were surprised at the extraordinary resistance which battle-cruisers had displayed, and the extraordinary amount of damage they could inflict even upon

\*Admiral Dewey and Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich spoke in like terms of the events of the Jutland Battle. But it should be observed that these American officers expressed their views without being in possession of a full understanding of the engagement. Their support of the building of battle-cruisers was justified, but not on the ground that our battle-cruisers were doing the work of battleships. Those of them which were sunk in the battle, were sunk, not in action with the German battleships, but with Admiral Hipper's battle-cruisers, owing, as is held in British naval circles, to some exceedingly unlucky chance shots.

battleships. In fact, he regarded the evidence of their value as having been enhanced and not diminished by the battle, and that was the essential point.

We see, therefore, the United States preparing to become, within a few years, the second Naval Power in the world, possessing battleships carrying 16-in. guns, battle-cruisers steaming at 35 knots, or, some think, even more, submarines of which many will have a surface speed of 25 knots, and other vessels of analogous qualities each for her purpose. No other word than "prodigious" can express the character of the gigantic development that is intended. The material of the Fleet will not stand alone. The question of providing an adequate personnel will not be neglected.

The War has swept away the conceptions of the *ante-bellum* time. There is system and cohesion in what is being done. Mr. Daniels' fantastic scheme of making the Navy the builder of its own ships and the provider of its own materials and munitions cannot hold good. There has been an enormous development in the war industries of the United States. Except in our own country the world has never seen  
The Nineteenth Century and After.

the like. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the steel king of the United States, turns out, at South Bethlehem, guns, shells, and forgings in volume and at a rate that Essen might envy. The private shipbuilding yards have made enormous strides. The Midvale Steel Company has sunk money in a gigantic plant which works at full blast. The Remington Small Arms Company is operating on a gigantic scale; 10,000,000*l.* has been spent by the Du Pont Company in providing plant and machinery for the work of the War. Everywhere throughout the States great factories are humming. But the war work in the United States will not go on forever. It is already threatening to shrink. Therefore the new naval program will find enormous resources and means behind it. But for the War they would never have existed with anything like the power they possess, and but for the War the new Navy of the United States might never have been built. The happiest feature of the situation is that it is being built in complete accord with the Navy which is the safeguard of our home and Empire, and the surest base of the success of the Allies.

John Leyland.

### JAMES ELROY FLECKER.\*

To those poets whose fortune it has been to die young, and so at least escape the tragic survival of their own genius, only the last awakening of all has brought what we call fame. Fame, of course, is a relative thing, a kind of genial grace long after the meal of a would-be generous and grateful humanity is over. In promising or anticipating it we merely bequeath to posterity the virtue of our own good taste. None the less it is some sort of a

happy ending to a romantic tale, and the poet who leaves a few lyrics behind him that will outlive the passing fashion of his time has won a fair reward in this curious world, though it is quite certain that every true poet would have worked none the less enthusiastically without the least hope of it.

James Elroy Flecker was such a poet. Even in a translation from Catullus, made when he was sixteen, there falls a cadence that makes the sentiment his own:—

\*Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker. Edited with an Introduction by J. C. Squire. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)



Wherefore to you, my friend, I dedicate  
This so indifferent bookling; yet I pray,  
Poor as it is—"O goddess of my fate,  
Let it outlive the writer's transient  
day!"

Much later, again, in words and  
measure now all his own, he invokes a  
poet of "a thousand years hence":—

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue,  
Read out my words at night, alone:  
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.

One's contemporaries are more hard of  
hearing; and Flecker is not yet so well  
known, perhaps, as are other poets  
even of our own day—as Rupert  
Brooke, for instance, who was a good  
many years younger than himself.  
His achievement is unlikely to occupy  
the industrious commentator, or to  
become the esoteric nucleus of a learned  
society. If it live, it will be because  
beauty created in words cannot easily  
die. It is too rare, and men treasure  
it for the sake not only of memory,  
but of hope. Flecker's one desire,  
indeed, was to create beauty, and  
because he would not, it may be too  
because he could not, follow other  
lures; when he wins his desire, he wins  
all. When he fails of it, the husk is of  
little value.

Wherever his spiritual home may  
have been, Athens or Samarkand, or  
some undiscovered isle sea leagues  
beyond Ultima Thule, he was born at  
Lewisham, and was just true Londoner  
enough in his earlier days to write  
two ballads, one "of Hampstead  
Heath," the other "of Camden Town."  
Neither of them is a very respectful or  
attractive tribute. They recall the  
smile of which Mr. Squire passes on his  
remembrance so happily—"a curious  
blend of the sardonic and the cheerful."

The ghost of that smile still faintly  
lingers in the dark, narrow, clear-eyed,  
fascinating face of the beautiful por-  
trait in this volume. In 1902—in his  
eighteenth year—Flecker left Upping-  
ham for Oxford. He was then, Mr.  
Frank Savery tells us, "extraordinarily  
undeveloped even for an English public  
school boy." But while "the lights of  
Balliol" found a lunar month short  
commons wherein to distil a solitary  
Petrarchan sonnet, Flecker at Trinity  
was pouring out imitative, decadent  
verse "with an appalling facility,"  
and pouring out, too, extravagant and  
witty talk at luncheon and dinner  
parties especially convened for its  
provocation. The poems were of a  
kind which of all kinds may be most  
independent of experience—"poems of  
passion." The talk (so at any rate  
Mr. Savery thought in those young  
days) was very witty. Even the  
precocious poet of passion need not  
be a prig, and Flecker took himself  
lightly enough to call his first volume  
by a "symbolic" title to which he had  
afterwards to attach an appropriate  
poem, "The Bridge of Fire." One  
true friend he had at Oxford, we are  
told, whom he loved deeply, and who  
was an enduring influence on himself  
and his work; and when in after years  
in Athens he married a Greek lady,  
Miss Helle Skiadaressi, he won another  
such true counsellor and friend. Other-  
wise he went his own way, steadily  
following up his true vein, and little  
affected by the writers of his time,  
though as late as 1914 he was eager for  
"a whack at B. Shaw." For a few  
months he was a master in a school  
at Hampstead. In 1908 he went up to  
Cambridge to study Oriental languages  
(and there, it appears; jilted his first  
love, Oxford); and in 1910 he went out  
in the Consular Service to Constan-  
tinople. There he fell ill; and after  
many journeyings, Smyrna, Corfu,  
Beyrout, Lebanon, Switzerland, he



died of consumption on January 3, 1915.

He had given himself heart and soul from his earliest days to poetry. It was therefore a true satisfaction to him to know that his official work had been "businesslike," that he had thus helped to shatter the fallacy, which seems so much to reassure the unimaginative, that a poet is an unpractical dreamer. Life is a twofold conflict. We fight (in youth, chiefly) to master circumstance, to exult over it; we fight also to accommodate ourselves to it. We fight in the solitude of the spirit, without hope of truce or respite, for self-realization; and to win also to some kind of shelter and security from the dangers and disasters that threaten us from without. Fortunate people there may be who are not thus forced to advance with a vigilant enemy ever menacing their rear. But of those few none can be to the utmost of his capacity a poet. A poet is born an exile, and an exile he must die. He can never become really "used" to the world. He is by no means a stranger to it. He knows and loves and hates it "of old." But he is without question a pilgrim. Again and again he must stand back from the press of habit and convention. He must recapture solitude, and reiteratedly begin his task anew. His may not be the Sesame that will fling open for him the gates of other men's paradises, nor need his essential integrity make for the precarious stability of that shifting ideal of conduct (since the sands of the living flow out in a few generations) which holds together the fabric of society and civilization, and enforces on humanity the prudent recognition and acceptance of "things as they are." But whether he is a Villon or a Wordsworth, a Milton or an Edgar Allan Poe, he serves to keep age heedful of youth, worldly wisdom in apprehension of faith and enthusiasm, and the living in

touch with the dead. In Flecker's own words, "It is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving."

He too, his whole life long, was an exile. Mysteriously woven into his nature and imagination was a passion for all that an untravelled mind means by the East. "In days long gone," he wrote in "Pavlovna in London."

Have I not danced with gods in garden  
lands?

I too a wild unsighted atom borne  
Deep in the heart of some heroic boy  
Span in the dance ten thousand years  
ago,

And while his young eyes glittered in  
the morn

Something of me felt something of his  
joy,

And longed to rule a body, and to  
know.

That recurrent "finest story in the world" may not seem even to a Western mind "all moonshine." But experience proved that no earthly East was Flecker's true goal. He delighted, with a tense, almost violent excitement, in color and sensuous beauty, in times and places remote, in names and men and relics romantic and bizarre. His desire was always for the strange. But a direct acquaintance with Mahomedanism served only to illuminate Christianity. Greece he loved, and one of his last fragmentary poems is a tribute to its "glory."

Yet still Victorious Hellas, thou hast  
heard

Those ancient voices thundering to  
arms,

Thou nation of an older younger day  
Thou hast gone forth as with the poet's  
song.

Surely the spirit of the old oak grove,  
Rejoiced to hear the cannon round  
Yannina,

Apollo launched his shaft of terror  
down

On Salonica.

How strangely these lines, written perhaps not two years ago, fall upon the ear just now! But, though Greece was his devotion, Flecker actually confessed to Mr. Savery that "he had not greatly liked the East." As time went on a more personal element welled into work that is for the most part singularly and deliberately devoid of it. Memory and desire in "Oak and Olive" carry his thoughts back from Athens to Charing-cross and "a hall in Bloomsbury," to Gloucester lanes and Painswick-hill. He was happiest, like most of us, in the place where he was not; never will seem the world so fair as on our last earthly morning. Absence enkindled his imagination. But seldom indeed have romantic dream and actuality, the strange and the familiar, been so closely reconciled, with so generous and balanced an ardor, as in the poem which he was still working on at the last, "The Burial in England." The war broke in upon his isolation and inflamed his love for the old familiar things. It made him England's heart and soul; but this in no sense entailed any sacrifice of his poetic ideal. By a delightful paradox the poet of that witty fantasia "The Hammam Name," wherein "a Turkish lady" deliriously records the charms of her "Winsome Torment" taking his morning bath—"Bitterness was born of beauty; as for the shampooer, he Fainted, till a jug of water set the Captive Reason free"; the poet also of that delicate, fainting sigh of languor and loveliness, "Yasmin," and of "the Chief Grocer's" catalogue of Oriental delicatessen, lived long enough to spend his time and skill, when little time was left to him, on a revised version of the National Anthem. "Popular taste will probably remain loyal to Henry Carey, but Flecker had learned much of his craftsmanship in the translation of his favorite Latin and French poets,

and of such translations this out of the English was unquestionably his boldest masterpiece.

But though the later work reveals Flecker as a poet heart and soul with those thoughts and aspirations which we all hold in common just now, he was none the less never instinctively a sociable poet. He was a solitary, and in some men home-sickness antedates even childhood. Unlike, therefore, the majority of poets, he did not transform the common into the miraculous, nor web in primrose and skylark with charmed and tender analogy and metaphor, nor merely accept from nature and humanity what poetic imagination may find in them to delight in. He left all this for the most part unheeded, and pressed on into the virgin region of fantasy; he labored to make the singular unique, the romantic magical, and the rare unparalleled. The beauty he hungered for is indeed past mortal capture and perilous in pursuit. It cheated or beguiled him on, and ever on. When Lord Arnaldos, gone a-hunting, entreated the sailor of the little ship on the green and shallow sea for God's sake to interpret the song he was singing at the helm, the sailor made answer, "I only tell my song to those Who sail away with me." One at least of the merchants in "The Golden Journey" was in quest of impracticable merchandise:—

We travel not for trafficking alone:

By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned;

For lust of knowing what should not be known

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand,

and the Watchman in vain endeavors to console the women mournfully indignant at dreams unshackled by "thoughts of us"; "What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus. Men are unwise and curiously planned," and voices fainting into the distance chant

on, "We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand." On Iskander, too, and his crew, eighty days after voyaging past the flat Araunian coasts "Inhabited, at noon, by Ghosts," and three score and ten after seeing the land of Calcobar, where men not only drink blood, but "dye their beards alizarine," sink beneath the horizon, storm fell "And drave them out to that Lone Sea Whose shores are near Eternity." A Ship of Dreams, silken and silver, an exquisitely fresh and beguiling replica of their cankered, warped, and rotting poop, is sighted, and Aristotle and Plato, who (under a seductive and Oriental *alias*) have been "impressed" by the Sultan Iskander, are very much at odds concerning her:—

And lo! beside that mainmast tree  
Two tall and shining forms I see,  
And they are what we ought to be,  
Yet we are they, and they are we.

He spake, and some young Zephyr  
stirred,  
The two ships touched: no sound was  
heard;  
The Black Ship crumbled into air;  
Only the Phantom Ship was there. . . .

It is an old and tragic, yet consoling parable, and one that Flecker never wearied of enriching and enhancing. The beauty of the world to him was not, as it is to some men, an anodyne, or merely a mystical symbol, but "a continual intoxication." Yet out of his passion for the strange came the sense of mystery that was to haunt his later years. Phantasms ("Tall stone men") that recall the poems of Blake for an instant gaze out of his verse and are gone. The silent throng about him. A poem called "November Eves"—one of the very few clearly and definitely recorded remembrances of his childhood—is tinged with this "otherness."

"The Pensive Prisoner" is the tormented expression of an experience that defied even his mature skill and power wholly to reveal:—

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My thoughts came drifting down the  
Prison where I lay—

Through the Windows of their Wings  
the stars were shining—

The wings bore me away—the russet  
Wings and gray

With feathers like the moon-bleached  
Flowers—

I was a God reclining:

Beneath me lay my Body's Chain and  
all the Dragons born of Pain

As I burned through the Prison Roof  
to walk on Pavement shining.

When thought becomes as instant and close as this, it is reality that dangerously faints into dream. So, too, there is a thin edge to sensibility which even music itself, as distinguished from words, can hardly express. "The Blue Noon" is such an ecstatic vision—of light and color, air and space, wherein this solid globe is merely an iridescent bubble that may at any moment vanish away, leaving the consciousness free in a bodiless yet sensuous delight. Even if it be fever and malady which admits these experiences, sound sanity, just our commonplace selves, can test their truth, and maybe in so doing realize a foretaste of a life beyond the grave. But fear stands in the way, and in "Stillness" the door of the imagination which Flecker had always left lightly ajar for his own escape is forced open by a menacing, unendurable ingress from "the other side." Here he can no longer cloak the strange—which, it is prudent to remember, is never far out of calling of the sinister—with a fantastic humor, or elude its gravity with an airy, inconsequent wit, or deck it up, as he sometimes does, to look very much like a solemn and irresponsible nonsense. This extreme revulsion of feeling, however, evokes from him one of the tenderest and loveliest, as well as "strangest," things in all his poetry:—

When the words rustle no more,  
And the last work's done,

When the bolt lies deep in the door,  
And Fire, our Sun,  
Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the  
floor;

When from the clock's last chime to the  
next chime  
Silence beats his drum,  
And Space with gaunt gray eyes and  
herbrother Time  
Wheeling and whispering come,  
She with the mould of form and he  
with the loom of rhyme:

Then twittering out in the night my  
thought-birds flee,  
I am emptied of all my dreams:  
I only hear Earth turning, only see  
Ether's long bankless streams,  
And only know I should drown if you  
laid not your hand on me.

Like Keats, like Stevenson, Flecker fought a brave fight against an insidious enemy, and, as Mr. Squire remarks emphatically in an Introduction intended only "to interest the reader and be useful to the critic," but which none the less is a delightful piece of portraiture, warm with a true friendship and illumined with deep and sensitive appreciation, Flecker was never the "poet of despair." It is true he once said he was—and "lean and swarthy" to boot—but that was merely a little self-indulgence common to the youthful and fervent. He wrote "No Coward's Song":—

I am no coward who could seek in fear  
A folk-lore solace or sweet Indian  
tales;  
I know dead men are deaf and cannot  
hear  
The singing of a thousand nightin-  
gales. . . .

But did he know it? Was not the thought merely one of those objective, intimidating hints which the body at times deems it prudent to "palm off" upon the spirit? "Yet is not death the great Adventure?" he cried almost jovially on the young English patriots

of 1914, many of whom have now faced it, while he himself was to embark but a few weeks after. He was sure what "True Paradise" would satisfy his longing: "We poets crave no heav'n but what is ours," a familiar world re-fashioned, without "Man's and Nature's pain":—

Grant me earth's treats in Paradise to  
find  
Nor listen to that island-bound St.  
John.

Who'd have no Sea in Heaven, no Sea  
to sail upon!

Notes of exclamation are rare in Flecker's verse, and in a volume that contains "The Old Ships," "The Old Warship Ablaze," "Santorin," and "The Ballad of Iskander" that particular one must be given an unusual emphasis. Of the joys of that romantic heart none excelled that of ships and the sea and the "talkative bald-headed" mariners that go down upon it. Where else should he discover such beauty and agedness and wonder?

It was so old a ship—who knows, who  
knows?

—And yet so beautiful I watched in  
vain

To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
And the whole deck put on its leaves  
again.

It was certainly as much man's imagination as his soul which Flecker was convinced it is the poet's business to make worth saving. His "single interest," it may be repeated, was "to create beauty"—a beauty as indissoluble from its form as that of a piece of consummate craftsmanship in stone or metal. The will, alas! must be inherent in the deed. Unlike the majority of English poets, he had an æsthetic theory which he enforced in his practice. It was not less his own because he learned it from the French Parnassians. He disapproved of the customary plump and variegated British nose-gay in verse culled more or less



at haphazard from the gardens of delight; he sought for a poetic attar distilled in the imagination. Such essences are not rare in English lyric; other poets than Flecker have studied alchemy—Keats, Milton, Herrick, and many more; but Britons, whether they write in verse or in prose, object to being slaves (or even "in service") to any particular theory. Yet though a man is born a poet, he must make himself an artist. If poetry, like love and faith, is the first-fruits of an instinctive impulse in a man, art, like chivalry and courtesy and conduct, is a manifestation of character. By sheer, hard, ardent work Flecker became an artist.

Not least of the delights of this collected edition is to watch his gradual but sure progress, year by year, towards a technical mastery. He sought for the strange and marvelous in life; he sought for the precise yet uncouth word and phrase that would recreate, embody it. He scorned, says Mr. Squire, "the pot-shot." Search for what we may long enough, it will come at last of its own free natural will. So it was with him. In his earlier work bizarre epithets stick out like gems on a turban. In his later the tissue is uninterrupted, of a piece. Serene and happy in the apparently unlabored expression of dream, feeling, fantasy, and truth, we no longer exclaim at mere "felicities." A hardness and sharpness may be the frigid defect of such work. Concision, pure outline, clarity, and a lovely detachment like that of some flower, curiously flawless and exotic, burning in the quiet solitude of a wood, are its imperishable virtues. We must not ask of such poetry what it does for us, but what it does to us. We cannot, so to speak, detach from it ideas, "beauties," apophthegms, fine feelings, as we mercilessly smoke bees out of a hive. It is not intentionally helpful or in-

structive or edifying. At its best it is honey of Hymettus in the cell, to be enjoyed, not because it is wholesome or nourishing, but because it is delicious. When he died Flecker's imagination was turning homewards, like some high-pooped, "overpeering" Elizabethan argosy, slow in the water for its burden of apes, spices, ivory, and Orient pearl. We can only guess at further voyaging into the might have been. Enough that he has transported us—even though such travelers must bear the heavy burden of themselves on their backs, even though the poet himself chanted a dirge to sweet illusion:—

Oh shall I never never be home again?  
Meadows of England shining in the rain  
Spread wide your daisied lawns; your  
ramparts green

With briar fortify, with blossom  
screen

Till my far morning—and O streams  
that slow

And pure and deep through plains and  
playlands go,

For me your love and all your king-  
cups store,

And—dark militia of the southern  
shore,

Old fragrant friends—preserve me the  
last lines

Of that long saga which you sang me,  
pines,

When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen  
tree,

I listened, with my eyes upon the  
sea.

O traitor pines, you sang what life has  
found

The falsest of fair tales.

Earth blew a far-horn prelude all  
around,

That native music of her forest  
home,

While from the sea's blue fields and  
syren dales

Shadows and light noon-spectres of the  
foam

Riding the summer gales

On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

Hearing you sing, O trees,



Hearing you murmur, There are older seas  
That beat on vaster sands,  
Where the wise snailfish move their  
pearly towers  
The Times.

To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,"  
Hearing you whisper, "Lands  
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

## DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

### CHAPTER XVI. A SERVANT OF GOD.

In the month of June 1811, Lord Wellington, besieging Badajos for the second time, was upon thorns to know what Marshal Soult was about, and how soon that able and astute general might be expected to appear upon the scene and interrupt his operations. Hence I was sent packing across country to get information upon which he might act.

I returned in time to warn his lordship that Drouet's division was already close to Llerena, whilst Marmont was on the move from Salamanca, a convergence of enemies which drove my chief to the premature attack which failed. But of this I knew nothing until later, having left the camp upon another errand before the assault was delivered.

I had taken my lord's orders, saluted and left the presence: the Headquarters Tent was extremely hot, but, outside 'twas worse, the sultry tyranny of a Spanish midsummer. I was something fagged, having ridden all night, so loitered for a moment beneath the five cork-trees beneath which the tents had been pitched.

Enjoying the same shade was a sergeant's guard with their prisoner awaiting the reappearance of one of the subalterns who thronged the antent, or vestibule, through which I had made my exit.

The group outside was in amiable converse to which I paid no attention, but, as I stood mopping the back of my neck, clammy with the sweaty close-

ness of that windless forenoon, I heard my name called. "George Fanshawe! Is it thou?" and behold the prisoner had risen to his feet and was addressing me.

He had spoken in English, but with an un-English accent. He was a little man, light of bone, sunburned and emaciated, a civilian of some kind, clad in worn, sunbleached drab cloth which had not been cut nor stitched in Spain. The broad-brimmed felt hat, which he had not removed whilst addressing me, left his face in deep shadow and I failed to recognize him, and said so. Yet, while I spoke, recognition was dawning. The presence of a Quaker in the Peninsula at such a juncture, of a member of the Society of Friends in the British camp before Badajos upon the eve of the assault, was so incongruous, so inconceivably out of place and unlikely, that despite a familiarity of intonation, and the poise of that alert little form, I could not at first place the man, and began by denying myself to Mr. Grellet.

"Nay, my friend," said he, "but I think thou dost know me. I need thy help. These good men have mistaken me for an enemy. Thou, who art acquainted with me, canst speak to my character."

In a moment I had his hand in mine, but before words had passed I saw his eye shift, and turning, I found Lord Wellington standing beneath the upstrained fly of the tent, bareheaded, and using his handkerchief as I had used mine. He had come for a mouthful of unused air. A subaltern was

beside him, saluting, explaining the situation. This spy, if he were a spy, had baffled the Provost Marshal's investigations. Nothing could be made of the fellow, who was palpably . . .

"Sir, may I speak?" said I. The Chief nodded.

"This is Mr. Stephen Grellet, an American citizen, but for five years past living on this side. I know him."

"Personally?" rapped the great man.

"Personally, sir. I can vouch . . ."

"But, what the devil is he doing inside my lines, conducting services with my troops? Are ye in orders, sir?"

"I am under the orders of Christ, my Master, and thine," said the Quaker with extreme gentleness.

"Your pardon, sir," interposed the subaltern, "the fellow was upon his knees, and had got a dozen of the biggest blackguards in the regiment upon their knees around him. Ye never saw such a . . ."

"A Methodist?" asked the Chief curtly, then after another keen scrutiny, "A Frenchman!"

"I was born in France, but left that country as a youth," said the prisoner, with such simple, disarming honesty as to allay the suspicion which his imperfect English had aroused.

"What is he, Fanshawe? and what does he want?" asked my lord, puzzled by a novel type of humanity: "Is the man mad?" this with a droop of the voice.

"Sir, he is a Quaker. One of their traveling preachers."

"The devil he is! . . . Well, he may be of use to you. As ye know him, and can speak for his harmlessness, he is released. But, I won't have him inside my lines. No fancy prayers here. Can't stand 'em. Put him out of camp but give him a pass."

"Friend," said the prisoner, "I thank thee kindly, but I am not free

to travel with any protection that thou canst give me."

"Heh? . . . You won't? But, if the French take you, sir, there will be no Major Fanshawe to save ye from a firing squad, or a picket-rope over a branch; whilst if ye fall into the hands of El Mina, or one of those damned *partidas*, they will give ye the hell of a time before they let ye die."

"Friend, I thank thee, but I think otherwise; but, either way, it is no affair of mine. My duty is to get to Madrid, and so farewell."

For a moment longer the two men stood face to face in silence. Both were plainly clad, for the General was in undress; they were much of a height and of the same spare sinewy build. Even in countenance there was a marked similarity, but the prominent aristocratic features and intense eyes bore wondrous dissimilar expressions.

"A damfool!" said Wellesley. "They will cut him up, or barbecue him. Well, 'tis his own risk. Do what ye can for your Quaker, Major Fanshawe."

I saluted but before I could turn Mr. Grellet had done the strangest thing. "Friend, farewell!" said he, and, taking a step forward, offered his hand to the Chief.

They say that whether as Colonel Wellesley, Sir Arthur, Lord Wellington, or the Great Duke, the occasions on which he was caught unawares or put out of countenance could be told on the fingers of one hand. And I can well believe it, for a colder, harder, more self-controlled, self-centered man I never met; but, were those occasions few or many, this was one of them. For so persuasively simple and humane was the gesture that, willy nilly, out came my lord's palm in response. His gray eyes widened, his tight lips loosened for the fraction of a second, but, the thing was done.

"May the Eternal have thee in His keeping! Farewell!" said the Quaker, and turned from the General, who, taken too much aback for words, or possibly finding such as did present themselves unsuitable, briskly re-entered the tent.

The subaltern, a red-faced boy, bore a countenance of comic consternation. I think he would have given a guinea for freedom to laugh his laugh out. To him also, and to his escort, my friend addressed a few gentle words before accompanying me to the cavalry lines.

"Mr. Grellet," said I, "my position and special employment as Intelligence Officer, entitle me to all sorts of acquaintance. But for this, and my chance presence, you would have been shot as a French spy. Ye have escaped by the skin of your teeth."

"That is possible. But, dost thou think, George Fanshawe, that thy presence, and singular influence, were accidents?"

Seating himself beside me upon a low stone wall from which I was watching an orderly rubbing down my horse, Mr. Grellet thoughtfully nursed a lean knee between fine hands, nor did I force conversation.

He was a guest whom I could scarcely invite to the regimental mess, so had food brought for the two of us. Having partaken he dusted the crumbs from his dress with a handkerchief in the manner of a seigneur and spoke:

"That is a remarkable man. I do not think I have seen him before. Thy general, I conceive?"

"Lord Wellington," I replied, amused to find anyone in Spain unfamiliar with the appearance of a man already great, and whom we who served, and trusted, but could not love, felt to the marrows of our bones was the man of his and our time, and the only man alive who could lick the Corsican.

"The Eternal has a purpose for

such," said my friend simply, "I do not think he will die yet. There seems much appointed for him to do. . . . And for thee," he added, as though Lord Wellington and George Fanshawe were men of the same class, "how is that work of thine progressing? Art thou faithful? watchful? Is thine eye single, my friend? Thou wast forgiving an old enemy when first I met thee. . . ."

"I was, thanks to you. And seldom have I done a wiser thing!" and, opening out, I told him of my next meeting with Omptèda, and the ascendancy which that action of mine, taken at his instance, had given me over the mind of that person.

He nodded gravely, then, "Chance, again? *Chance!*" and smiled the sweetest and most vivid smile. "We know one another better today than we did at Watford. I have heard of thee from my friend Isaac Pennington who believes, as do I, that thou hast a work set thee to accomplish,—other, I think, than this winning over of men from one side to the other, for which I neither praise nor blame thee: it is thy work, not mine, but, not thy life's work, of that I am persuaded.

"That act of reconciliation was done near five years ago, we have met since, where? In Anhalt or Mecklenberg, was it? And thou hadst charge of a child. Did all go well with you?"

I told him of Georgy and of our journeys and homecoming. He listened and mused, saying no more of the girl, but, touching my braided sleeve, "Do I understand that thou are not a combatant?" he asked. I explained that I was a collector of information, and a bearer of dispatches, also a negotiator at times in a small way.

"This will pass," he said, sweeping a hand across the activities of the camp as though to obliterate them from his mind. "War burns itself out in time,

and in no very long time either. But, there is a deeper, closer, never-ending strife between the armies of Right and Wrong, between the Spirit of Enquiry and Liberty on the one hand, and Authority and Bigotry on the other, between the Light and the Darkness: and it is in that war that I see thee enlisted, George Fanshawe, and in that battle thou shalt be privileged to deal a telling stroke."

Just before sundown, having brought him a mule and engaged a guide, he took his leave of me at our eastern outposts.

"My heart misgives me for your safety, Mr. Grellet," said I.

"Is thine own walk in life so free from danger?" he asked, "and does not each of us serve Him who sees and knows?" He pressed my hand and rode off into the evening, reading in a little Spanish Testament as he went, for he was still imperfect in the language, his gift being for persuasive speech rather than for the niceties of a foreign tongue.

I watched him disappear over a rising ground as unconcerned and steadfast as a pawn upon the board, moved forward from square to square by the hand of a Master of Chess.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RIVAL PLOTTERS.

What is the life of a man? Short is the longest, and for the most of us a round of duty done or shirked fills the allotted spans. And for some this suffices, but for others, myself for instance, there are moments when the soul yearns so ardently to be effective, to strike one's blow ere one passes again into the darkness whence one came, or, at the least to see what one is about, and what it all means.

And, had I not the promise?

Doubtless there are elect souls gifted with prescience which shows what it hid from the crowd: though I

think the prophets are not prophesying all the time, nor the seers foreseeing. They have their moments, and at other hours are mere men, made wiser than their fellows, one fancies, at some personal sacrifice, for the prophetic mantle is usually somewhat threadbare.

I had been thinking thoughts like these as I rode through a land as naked and baked as Arabia, I should think, and now, just before sunset, was let in for a small adventure, and was crouched among tall, strong-scented box-bushes beside the track along which a French division was marching. A spy? yes, if ye will, but yet, not quite a spy; call me a vidette, for, being in uniform, I should hardly have been shot had my presence been detected. My well-trained mare lay beside me; I had schooled her to the trick, nor feared discovery from the horses of the passing *chasseurs-à-cheval*, for I had the wind of them. Quakeress I could trust not to whinny while my hand lay over her eyes.

In the late spring of the year 1812 the tide of victory was turning in Spain, whence the Corsican, full of his gigantic project for the conquest of Russia, had withdrawn the pick of his seasoned troops. With four hundred thousand men massed upon the Niemen awaiting the word to strike down the Colossus of the North, the Monster had left the Duke of Dalmatia (Marshal Soult) to make what head he might against an English general who had worsted in succession every Frenchman whom he had met, and having now the great frontier fortresses of Spain in British hands, could issue from his fastness, Portugal, when, and at what point he chose.

Of course I need not tell you that at this time, and at all times, I knew little of my Chief's progress, and nothing of his plans. In my short visits to Headquarters I got only the current news



of the army. Thus, in January I learned of poor General Crawford's death in the arms of victory, and heard with envy of some gallant service of my Heavies, and was off again about my duties.

You must not picture these journeys as the cheery ridings forth of a knight errant in search of adventure. The climate of the Peninsula is infamous, varying from the extremity of cold in winter to the almost insupportable heats of summer; its roads are unshaded, ill-kept and mountainous, its dust-storms especially trying.

I had established houses-of-call at various points and could count upon my confederates receiving me and covering my tracks. It was a wide-spread net, and men of every degree from Gypsies to hidalgos were in my employ.

Nor was Lord Wellington without his correspondents in the camps of the French Marshals, and it was to compare notes with one such person, a man of high rank, with whom I had not yet made acquaintance, that the journey of which I am writing was undertaken.

By an unfortunate miscarriage our code had fallen into the enemy's hands rendering necessary a new cipher and a fresh line of communications. Beside this main business I was conveying their stipulated remunerations to my servants. If a barrister pleads more persuasively for his daily refresher be sure that a man whose neck may be in the halter before night will not await the coming of the peace which he may not live to see for the rewards of his address.

I had timed my journey ill, for when not far from my rendezvous my road was blocked by the French advance. I hated the idea of breaking my appointment, so in place of falling back, determined to conceal myself and play the spy in person and make

my own observations, hoping to be able to push on, or through, when the way should be open.

I had chosen a thicket close to the road, and had just buried my saddle-bags and papers, strewing dead box-leaves over the raw earth, when the General passed my hiding-place within thirty yards.

At his stirrup, deep in conversation rode his Chief-of-Staff. The man was unknown to me, but there was no mistaking his rank and office. I scrutinized his features through a rift in the foliage and watched him go, hoping to see no more of him. That I neither give his name, nor attempt to describe his person, nor particularize the route upon which I observed him, is no involuntary omission. The man is dead since; he passed away in the fulness of wealth and honors under the restored Bourbon. Why should I tarnish the name borne by his innocent nephews? (He died unmarried.)

After sunset I attempted to make my point. I rode at my ease. The French force had left no stragglers, for reasons. The roads of the Peninsula were so unsafe for single Frenchmen, and even for small parties, that nobody with an ear could be surprised by the large patrols which the state of the country compelled the invaders to use. Our Spanish allies, though useless on the field of battle, so circumscribed French communications that Buonaparte's only news of Masséna's operations was gleaned from *English newspapers!*

Riding too carelessly I caught the sounds of hooves in the dust behind me. The clink of iron told me that these were not unshod mules of the countryside. Next moment I heard similar sounds ahead. I had blundered between a post and its relief, or a patrol advancing to meet "Rounds."

A roof showed against the stars,



'twas a *granja* a little wide of the track, the first of the friendly village for which I was making, but not the home of the *alcalde*, my confederate, at which my meeting was fixed for midnight. Something must be risked; whipping round an outbuilding, I left Quakeress standing with a word in her ear, and was inside the house in a trice, my saddlebags in hand. A stout woman with a mustache, dozing over a little brazier of charcoal, sprang up, her hand upon a knife. "*Right-of-the-Master*," I breathed, using the pass-word at a venture, hoping she might be among the initiate. She was, but scratched her towzled head dancing with impatience and cursing softly.

"You are the Englishman? I have heard of you; you are expected; but, later, *señor*, later! And not at this house!—Mother of God! What is to do now?"

"*Señora*, the French are in the village. Hide me before you open to them. Also my mare stands behind your mule-stable."

My unknown friend bestirred herself. Still addressing me in whispers, as though someone were in the house, she had me up a ladder and bestowed me all along in a cavity above the great ceiling beams, between the actual and the apparent floor of the story overhead, shut me in with boarding, and fled out barefooted and silent to house my mare.

Lying thus upon my face very uncomfortably, I was aware that someone near me was sleeping heavily, the deep snoring of a wearied man being audible. The respirations ran up in a crescendo to a sonority which awakened the sleeper, who grunted, shifted his posture, settled himself and recommenced.

These sounds were presently mixed with the stamping of a horse outside. Through a chink of the planking I saw a man enter wearing the French

uniform cavalry-cloak, conducted by a countryman and a woman whom by her voice I recognized as the mistress of the house.

Excusing her temporary absence she made a better light. Then came the padding of bare feet upon the ladder, the sleeper was aroused, a door upon the floor on which I lay opened, and the boards above me creaked under a heavy tread. The man, whoever he might be, was a stranger, for he felt cautiously for the head of the ladder, pawing first with a foot and then with a hand at the loose plank over my head.

Lying with an eye to a knot-hole, I saw the Spaniards withdraw. The horseman remained standing, and as the other reached the foot of the ladder, lifted to his lips the hand which was extended.

"Will it please you to be seated?" said the one who had descended the ladder. He had Spanish clothes but an English voice, and spoke French as did the soldier. Neither his, nor his fellow's face could I see, for my chink gave me but the tops of their heads.

"Is it indiscreet to ask how you managed this?"

"*Tout-à-fait simple*," replied the Frenchman, "I recommend a camping-ground within reach of this rendezvous upon the score of its water-supply. Then, as a zealous Chief-of-Staff should do upon occasion, relieve the officer of the day and visit the outposts in person."

"Excellent. And this little interlude will excite no suspicion?"

"Father, my orderly, outside there, is One of Us."

"Good. Now make your report."

"As you see, I have achieved a very fine position: finer in respect to our purpose than an independent command. For, whilst I know everything that goes on, and have access to my chief's papers, and to his cipher,

I am not held responsible for the checks and reverses which he may sustain."

"But which you bring about."

"In measure, but only in measure. To do so too frequently would entail his retirement, and my own relegation to an inferior post, for his successor would certainly bring with him his own Chief-of-Staff."

"But what I can do to frustrate the Revolution I do. By setting the Marshals here in Spain by the ears, for instance. Masséna loathes Ney: my work. I have sown distrust between Soult and Suchet."

"That should not be difficult. These upstarts are as quarrelsome as women."

"And as jealous, Father; and of all races, Gascon, Norman, Swiss, Italian; 'Menasseh' is a Jew! No cohesion. No loyalty to . . . But what *should* there be loyalty to? They fear Him, the Usurper; and they believe in his star so long as it rises. Should it decline we shall see what we shall see. Meantime 'tis each for himself. Scarce a tincture of our discipline."

"And their master calls the tune. 'Tis All for Himself. He trusts none of them. (I hear them rail at Him in private.) He rebukes the least sign of originality. We execute His orders blindfold, nor know His plans for a month ahead!

"And, Father, Jove nods! Whilst He was in Spain he grasped the situation firmly. But from Poland how can any human brain . . . ? His maps must be defective. He issues routes irrespective of the *terrain*. We are bid concentrate, combine, as though Spain were the Champ de Mars and no sierras intervened! Is the Man as great as He looks? I doubt! His underlings I have the measure of. I play upon each in turn. It is simple, and my hand is unsuspected. I could give you twenty instances due to my arrangement.

In fact these Marshals and Generals of Divisions are usually at cross purposes.

"But I keep those Others well advised too. That is more difficult. But they have an able intermediary. I am to make his acquaintance to-night to remedy a passing defect in our code."

"My son," said the English voice, "it will be my duty, and my pleasure, to commend your diligence and address to the General."

"I am deeply sensible!" murmured the Frenchman with emotion. "I trust always to conduct myself so as to merit your paternal approbation! I heard of your appointment as Provincial with delight!"

"Gently! gently! It is well even in private so to carry oneself that no suspicion . . . You understand?—Lest an unguarded and enthusiastic habit should grow upon one . . . with ultimate results! And, for your information, though my rank in England is confirmed, I am only Legatus here.

"And now you will be wanting to hear how the machine works. Deliberately, I should say, but, under the circumstances not unhelpfully. It takes time to recoup such losses as ours. Think! It is fifty years and more since we were expelled from Portugal; forty-five since we lost our hold upon France and this miserable country. That you will say was the outcome of the Italian influence. It was. Too much stress laid upon nonessentials—their way! And the General has not yet had seven years to repair the blunders of fifty.

"T. B.\* is a great man, but his nationality is against him. He is gradually overtaking that disadvantage. Let us give him time, and the fullest measure of our obedience.

\*Thaddeus Brzozowski, a Pole, who was elected General of the Order of Jesus in 1805.

"England, you ask? O, with us things move with infinite slowness, and would stop dead if suspected of movement." The speaker laughed a low, pleasant laugh which pleased me. His voice was rich and full, a taking form of human expression. I wished I could see his face.

"By the way," he went on after taking snuff with his subordinate, "have you come across a person in the British Service named Fanshawe?" Judge if I pricked my ears! But the Frenchman had neither met nor heard of me, and said so. (I passed with my Secret Service staff as Major Grey.)

"England," resumed the other, harking back to a line of thought interrupted by the personal reference, "must be afforded every opportunity of defeating the Revolution; nor do I anticipate that she will fail. She is still erect, though hard bested. All the world, save Russia, is upon her back. Those Americans turning upon their mother in her extremity touched her closely. She had neglected her fleet since Trafalgar and is paying for her negligence. We were too weak in the United States to affect opinion in her favor, but Canada will strike for her and strike hard.

"We of the College are working for a far end, and one altogether outside the scope of things military. What if a change of succession be still possible? Or rather a change of faith in the successor to the reigning sovereign? We hold the Queen of Trumps, my son!

"And now I see by your hands that duty claims you. Go!"

The soldier bent his knee for an instant and kissed the finger-tips of his superior with almost slavish devotion. To see such homage rendered by a Frenchman to one of our people was a revelation—but, of what?

I set myself to think, and had time for the exercise. The Frenchman had gone, the other sat over the charcoal for some minutes warming his hands and sighing. Then, feeling his way up the ladder, he betook himself to sleep and presently was snoring stertorously as before.

Now was my chance. I descended on tiptoe, and took the place over the brazier which he had left, removing the ladder as a precaution. I must await the return of the woman of the house, for I knew not where to find my mate.

The wick of the lamp capsized and went out. I cared not. Feeding the dull glow of the brazen pan with morsels of fuel, for the night was chilly, I sat me down and turned over in my mind the farrago of facts and fancies to which I had listened.

Much of it was beyond me, or I had failed in seizing the clue to its cipher. Into other some I read my own meaning, be that right or wrong. But there was matter writ plain in which I could rejoice: this disaffection in the upper ranks of that wonderful mechanism, the army of the Corsican, for example. To discover a flaw in that weapon was excellent news. Disunion I had guessed, but not treason.

Who was the traitor? And who his superior? No man of our Secret Service, I felt assured.

To what Society did these two belong? Freemasonry I considered and rejected. I had heard of the Italian *Carbonari*, and the *Mafia* of Sicily, but had no information about either. The *Tugendbund* was out of the question; neither was a German.

I think it was upon the next day, or at least several hours after this adventure, that the idea of the two being Jesuits crossed my mind.

My information as to the Society of Jesus was as vague and erro-

neous as that of most of my fellow-countrymen.

As a boy I had enjoyed the pictures in the great folio Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* in the Book-Room at Bramford Hall in Suffolk. Horrid little dark woodcuts they seem to me now, gruesome in the extreme, but then they gave me many a glorious thrill if no definite conception of the Society.

We, the English Protestants of the days of the Great War, flattered ourselves that the Scarlet Woman was done for. Had not the Order of Jesuits been dissolved by the Pope? and expelled from the soil of most European countries? We believed there were no Jesuits in Scotland. In Ireland the penal laws kept them under the harrow. In England public opinion, and the popularity of the Protestant Succession left them no opening.

What had the elder man meant by hinting that this succession could be changed? If the Stuarts were meditating another rising up north I knew enough of the Highlands to have no fears.

'Twas sixty-seven years since Cul-loden, but much water had run down Strathspey since that bloody fiasco. A repetition was not to be thought of.

For what Stuart would the white cockades be stitched? The line was dwindling to extinction in the person of an elderly cardinal.

Who could the "Queen of Trumps" be? and why had the speaker's voice taken on that soft inflection at the words?

I found no answer to these questions.

The woman returned at last, finger on lip; though used to the troubled state of her country, that night's work had shaken her. To harbor rival plotters in her house at the same time was more than she had bargained for. She panted to be quit of me and my mare.

Whilst leading me forth in the dark to where she had bestowed Quakeress, she pressed something into my hand, small, square and flat. The señor (I supposed her to mean myself) had let it fall. I slipped it into my boot unexamined, rewarded her with a couple of guineas, kissed her hand and have never seen her since.

It was whilst drawing off my boot next day that I found an obstruction, and discovered a little volume, *Don Quixote* in the Spanish, with the arms of Stoneyhurst College upon its bookplate and the initials E. S. above them.

But, this was later; my night's escapade was not over. Adventures rarely came my way: 'twas my business to avoid 'em. Spain was big enough and bare enough to contain the French and George Fanshawe. As I might not fight them I kept my distance. I used to see them from afar, their campfires twinkling o' nights, and by day the feather of dust above their moving columns, and occasionally, as this time, at close quarters: but taken in the gross my rides were long enough and void enough of incident to satisfy a glutton for solitude.

But that night it did seem I was never to be rid of them. As near midnight as I could judge from the stars, for I had stopped my watch when I lay between the boards, I repaired to the house of my alcalde through the darkness and filth of a Spanish village. I was expected, and, being behind time, my Frenchman was there before me. The moment I set eyes upon him I knew him for the Chief-of-Staff who had rid beside his General deep in converse and had passed me so near whilst hid in the bushes that afternoon.

We exchanged credentials, he spoke, and when he opened his mouth I recognized the voice of the cloaked *grand militaire* upon whom I had



played the eavesdropper some hours earlier.

I did not betray my recognitions. Like the actors in some roaring farce which I once saw played (*The Rivals*, or *The Critic*, was it?), we mutually had one another at the dagger's point, had he known it. I could have finely surprised him, whilst he, with an escort of French dragoons within hail, could have disposed of me out of hand.

For the moment mine was the weaker position, though I held the inner lines of communication, as we say.

I enjoyed the situation, but I was not there for fun, but upon business. This was done in a few minutes. The new cipher was scrutinized and approved, the *douceur*, a heavy one, handed over. For his safety's sake 'twas in Spanish gold, moidores and doubloons; English guineas might have destroyed him.

He communicated to me by word of mouth some extremely important information which I have now forgot, but recall how Lord Wellington's eyes shone in his head at hearing it.

Then we shook hands and parted, never to meet again in this life, for he is dead since; he to finish his rounds, I to lie in the straw beside my mare until his dragoons were well upon their ways, then, in the gray of dawn, to fetch a circuit about the French encampment according to his directions, and make the best of my way to my chief.

I smiled as I rode. The position tickled me. I had threads in my hands if I but knew how to pull them.

This "*Queen of Trumps*" (again), who, the dickens, could he be? Some man certainly, for the name meant nothing in itself. But, why "*Queen*"?

And who was that silver-toned superior to whom my Frenchman owed an almost abject submission?

And, lastly, how came this personage by my name?

These questions kept me busy as I rode, eyes and ears unconsciously at work meanwhile like a questing jack-hare's. Then, at my first halt I found the book in my boot, and knew I had handled it before, and with a flash of intuition divined its owner, E—— S—— must be *Eustace Smith*, my cabin-mate upon the *Lady Leighton*! I fancied it was his voice, as I recalled it, but it was his snore without any doubt at all.

Having established this point I cast about for confirmatory circumstance. That quaint book-plate! I remembered it as it lay open in the scupper, and the title, and how its owner had recommended Spanish to me, and here was it!

"So, ho!—Mr. Jesuit, I have ye!" chuckled I, a little pleased with myself at so recondite a discovery, for the Stoneyhurst Fathers were regarded as the most unworldly and harmless of mankind, and none suspected them of any influence in politics domestic or foreign.

But, if they were Jesuits, and the Society were as astute, as powerful, and as unwearying as their enemies made out, to have 'em on our side in our turn-up with the Corsican was a point scored.

And here the train of my thoughts broke, for Quakeress stood and stiffened. I knew that her senses were many degrees more sensitive than mine, so, laying the reins upon her withers, left things to her, and listened.

A man was making light with flint and steel a matter of eighty paces ahead. I had near rid into a French picket, and the ball which sang past my ear came within a hand's-breadth of writing *finis* to these memoirs ere they were begun.

(To be continued.)

## THE GENESIS OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.\*

## I.

The great war now raging in Europe, Africa and Asia has undoubtedly accelerated the conclusion of the treaty of Russo-Japanese Alliance, the text of which was published early in July last. It is certain, however, that such an alliance would have been made sooner or later, even if the present war had not provided Nippon with the opportunity to perform invaluable services to Russia and thereby win Russian gratitude.

For many years past, the statesmen and diplomats of either nation have realized the desirability of arriving at an understanding that would remove all danger of friction by delimitating their interests in the Far East, and enable them to present a united front against any Power that may threaten the possessions or interests of either party. One of the earliest efforts in this direction was made in 1901 by Marquis (afterwards Prince) Ito. He came to Europe expressly for that purpose. In an audience he had with the Czar, his Majesty, "spoke of the urgent necessity of Russia and Japan working harmoniously together."<sup>†</sup> In the course of a conversation with Count de Witte, Ito told him "that vague generalities (about Russia and Japan working harmoniously together) would not help matters, for the crux of the situation between the two countries lay in Korea. I (Ito) said that if both countries were going on struggling for supremacy in Korea, the inevitable result must be friction. I said to him, 'If your country really

wishes to work harmoniously with Japan you must give us a free hand in Korea, commercially, industrially, and politically. And more than that, if civil war breaks out in Korea we must have the right to send troops over there to restore order. Without that there can be no question of Russia and Japan working in harmony.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Ito found Witte sympathetic, but Count Lamsdorff did not feel disposed to let Japan establish a protectorate over Korea, and put him off on the plea of consulting his colleagues. Before the reply came, the treaty of Anglo-Japanese alliance that was being negotiated by Baron (later Count) Tadasu Hayashi was concluded. Ito would have liked to have these negotiations delayed, or at least the publication of the agreement postponed, to give Russia time to make up her mind, but was over-ruled.

The first treaty of Anglo-Japanese alliance was signed on January 30, 1902. The Triple *Entente* did not then exist, even as a dream. Russia was, at that time, regarded by Britain as her rival, and credited with cherishing sinister designs upon India. Lord Lansdowne, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who carried on the negotiations on the British side, is reported to have endeavored to have a clause inserted in the agreement charging Nippon with the duty of coming to Britain's assistance in case the "Oriental Dependency" was attacked, but the Japanese diplomat scored off, though only for a short time, for the revised treaty of August 12, 1905, contained such a provision. In such a circumstance, an alliance between Japan and Russia was out of question. Ito, however, continued to hope against hope, and persevered in his attempts

\**A Political History of Japan During the Meiji Era, 1867-1912.* By Walter Wallace McLaren, Ph.D. Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 1916.  
*The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi*  
 G.C.V.O. Edited by A. M. Pooley. Eveleigh Nash. 1915.

*Empires of the Far East.* Two Vols. By Lancelot Lawton. Grant Richards. 1912.  
 pp. 155-6. *The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi.*

\*p. 66, *ibid.*

to bring about harmony between Russia and his country. The time was not, however, propitious. In spite of Nipponese opposition, Russia was bent upon extending her influence in Manchuria and Korea. Japanese protests were ignored, and Nipponese diplomats were treated with scant respect. Relations between the two Powers became steadily more strained until they broke in February, 1904, when the Russo-Japanese War began.

Sufficient time has now elapsed since the conclusion of that war to enable us to get its proper perspective. As the fog of partisanship has lifted, Japan's achievement shines forth brilliantly. Little Nippon dealt heavy blows to the Russian giant on land and sea. The Czar's armies suffered defeat after defeat, and were hurled back beyond Mukden. Port Arthur which Russian military engineers had raised to withstand any onslaught, was battered down. Admiral Togo engaged an armada that outnumbered and outclassed the Japanese navy and crippled it.

Russia, however, bore her reverses lightly. She was far from defeated. Her armies had not become demoralized nor broken. They could retreat for hundreds of miles before reaching Russia proper. Russian generals had not lost heart and were even confident of being able shortly to assume the offensive, claiming that they had succeeded in removing the defects that had led to disasters. But the war was waged by the Government. It did not interest Russians. The people did not know what they were fighting for. Japan had not done any damage to their hearths and homes, nor was she likely to do so. There was, therefore, clamor for peace—a clamor so insistent that the Russians in power could not ignore it.

Japan also felt the burden of the war. The struggle with Russia had

more than trebled her national debt. It stood at 561,600,000 *yen*\* on March 31, 1904, and had risen to 1,872,300,000 *yen* by March 31, 1906, the increase being due, directly and indirectly, to the war. Her capacity to borrow had been greatly taxed, though not exhausted, as some critics put it. She still could push Russia backward, but only at a sacrifice disproportionately large compared with the net gains that she may have hoped to gain. The Japanese and Russians alike, therefore, desired hostilities to cease.

It is alleged that Japan made the first move for peace. The letter that the Emperor of Japan, His Imperial Majesty Mutsu Hito, is said to have written to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States of America, has not, however, been published, even though the hand that wrote it lies in the grave. It is asserted that the Russian Government engaged in the negotiations merely to placate public opinion, and intended to break them off at the first possible opportunity by insisting on terms that Japan would feel constrained to refuse, thereby fastening upon her the blame of continuing the war.

Some critics are of the opinion that Baron (later Count) Komura, the Japanese Envoy at the Peace Conference held at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was outwitted by Count de Witte. Others consider that the former scored a diplomatic triumph, and got as much for his country as he could. The author of *Empires of the Far East* presents the first view. Dr. McLaren, who was a Professor at the Keiogijuku University of Tokyo, and had more recent data at his command, puts forward the other view.

\*A *yen* is equal to 2s. 6d. 532. The figures for the National Debt are extracted from *The Fifth Financial and Economic Annual of Japan*, for the year 1905, published by the Department of Finance, Tokyo.

The terms obtained did not please the people of Japan, who expected a money indemnity and were profoundly disappointed when they did not get it. Several riots took place immediately after the publication of the news. Komura's life was in jeopardy for months after he returned to his country.

## II.

After the smoke of battle had disappeared, both Russia and Japan saw that the situation in the Far East had changed but slightly, and that, if they were to continue the policy of suspecting and thwarting each other, neither would be able to enjoy peace, happiness, or prosperity. Fighting had served to remove the illusions that each cherished concerning the other, and had inspired mutual respect in them. The war, therefore, gave a fresh impetus to the movement for converting the two nations from rivals into allies.

Moreover, events were rapidly occurring in Europe that were destined to exert a powerful influence in promoting friendship between Russia and Japan. The British and French were beginning to understand each other. Efforts were being made to adjust differences that had divided them in the past. The dog-in-the-manger policy was being abandoned by them in respect of each other. At the same time Britain was beginning to realize that Russia was not the bogey that she had been painted to be, that she had quite enough territory of her own without India, and that she was willing to limit her sphere of influence in Persia. It is not necessary for our immediate purpose to trace the steps by which an *entente* between the three Powers was reached. suffice it to say that the establishment of friendship between Britain and Russia removed any barriers that may

have prevented Russia and Japan from becoming allies.

A convention was signed on July 30, 1907, whereby Russia and Japan recognized the independence and territorial integrity of China, and agreed to the "open door" policy in Manchuria. Another convention followed in 1910, guaranteeing the *status quo* in Manchuria as defined in treaties that had been concluded before July 4th of that year between the two Powers, and between either of them and other Powers. The next year an agreement was made disposing of outstanding questions that it is not necessary to detail here, but that were causing considerable irritation. A year later an understanding was arrived at between Japan and Russia delimitating their respective spheres of interest in inner Mongolia, and providing for joint defense in case of attack from a hostile Power. Thus, seven years after the cessation of hostilities between Russia and Japan, these nations had succeeded in harmonizing their interests and even undertaken to fight for each other in certain contingencies.

## III.

The present war has carried Russia and Japan a stage farther. In less than a month from the day the conflict began in Europe, Nippon had served an ultimatum upon Germany to evacuate Kiao Chao. Operations by water and land against the German outpost in the Far East were begun vigorously, and Tsingtao—the tower of strength the Kaiser had raised in China—fell after eleven weeks' fighting.

The Japanese navy had, in the meantime, assisted the fleets of the other Allies in clearing the Pacific Ocean and Eastern waters of German ships and protected the allied commerce. No time was lost in sending the arms, ammunition, and military equipment that the European allies indented from



Japan at the commencement of hostilities, which were suddenly started by the Austro-Germans, and for which the *Entente* Powers were not prepared. Japan readily agreed not to sign a separate peace with the enemy, and also joined the economic league of the Allies.

Russia, being the least industrialized nation among the principal European Allies, stood the most in need of munitions from abroad. Japan very readily undertook to supply her military requirements, and has been most assiduous in keeping her word. The Government arsenals in Nippon have been working at high speed, and many private firms have been engaged in turning out munitions or materials for them. Large and small guns, shells and cartridges, hand grenades and other missiles have been manufactured and dispatched in large quantities. Japan has also sent artillery officers to teach Russians how to make effective use of these munitions, and is accommodating Russia with credit, so that she may be able to pay for them later. A large number of army boots, hundreds of thousands of yards of khaki cloth and other equipment have been manufactured and sent by Japan to supply Russia's needs.

#### IV.

These services could not but have moved Russia, and hastened the conclusion of the treaty of Russo-Japanese Alliance. The document is brief, consisting of a preamble and two articles, and reading: "The Imperial Government of Japan and the Imperial Government of Russia resolve to continue their efforts for the maintenance of a lasting peace in the Far East, and have agreed upon the following:—  
'Article I: Japan will not be a party to any political arrangement or combination contracted against Russia.

Russia will not be a party to any political arrangement or combination directed against Japan. Article II: In the event of the territorial rights or special interests in the Far East of one of the contracting parties recognized by the other contracting party being threatened, Japan and Russia will consult each other on the measures to be taken with a view to support and co-operation being given to one another for the safeguarding and defense of those rights and interests.'"

The language of the treaty could not be plainer than it is. No details have been published as to what "territorial rights" and "special interests in the Far East" of Japan have been recognized by Russia, and *vice versa*. Both the Japanese and Russian authorities have, however, given assurance that they do not, in any way, prejudice the independence or territorial integrity of China. Marquis Okuma, the Prime Minister of Japan, has taken special pains to assure the United States of America that the instrument does not, in the slightest degree, infringe upon or menace their interests in the extreme East, though the American press looks askance at the statement.

The conclusion of the treaty firmly established Japan as the watchdog of the Far East—a position in which she was placed by her internal development and by the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The present war tested her fidelity to Britain. She did more than she was bound by treaty to do. Russia will find her no less faithful in any future crisis that may arise. The new alliance, therefore, will mean much to Russia, for, freed from Far-Eastern worries, she can devote herself to European affairs that, for years to come, will continue to absorb her attention. A statement made by M. Sergius Sazanoff, the Russian

Minister of Foreign Affairs, to a correspondent of the *Bourse Gazette* (Petrograd), may be quoted in confirmation of this view:

"The present war opens up a series of problems for Russia, the solution of which necessitates our confining our attention to the West for many years. Relying on our solidarity with Japan as regards Far-Eastern questions, we can devote all our energies to the solution of these problems with the assurance that no Power will take unfair advantage of China to carry out its ambitious plans, The London Quarterly Review.

as was the case with other countries bordering on Russia in the East."

The conclusion of this Alliance must be considered a great triumph scored by Japanese diplomacy. Less than sixty-five years ago Nippon was a secluded island-kingdom, disdaining intercourse with the West and East. Today she stands predominant in the Extreme East. She is the trusted Ally of two of the greatest European Powers. She has blotted out the Eastern Empire of another Western Power. Here is a record of which she may well be proud.

St. Nihal Singh.

### O. HENRY.

Usually, when we write of how the critics and the public of an earlier generation were slow to recognize the genius of Meredith or Mark Rutherford, we do it with an air of severe self-righteousness which covers an implication that we and our more enlightened age are not likely to repeat such blunders, that the general taste and critical acumen of our time may safely be relied upon to assess contemporary authors at their true value and put them, with unerring promptitude, into their proper places. The fact is, of course, that even our modern literary judgments are not infallible and that we are really in no position at all to throw stones at our forefathers. It were sufficient for us if we devoted our energies to getting the beam out of our own eye and left the dead past to bury its dead mistakes.

Take the very modern instance of O. Henry. Thousands of us are reading his stories at present and realizing with astonishment that he was a great literary artist—with astonishment because, though we are only just arriving at this knowledge of him, we learn that he commenced to write before

the end of last century, and has been five years dead. Even in America, where he belonged, recognition came to him slowly; it was only towards the close of his life that he began to be counted as anything more than a popular magazine author; but now in the States, they have sold more than a million copies of his books, his publishers announce in their advertisements that "up goes the sale of O. Henry, higher and higher every day," that he has "beaten the world record for the sale of short stories"; and the critics compete with each other in comparing him to Poe and Brete Harte, to Mark Twain and Dickens, to de Maupassant and Kipling. We cannot put ourselves right by saying that he was an American, for in the last few years at least two attempts have been made to introduce him to English readers, and both of them failed. Then a little while ago Mr. Eveleigh Nash embarked on a third attempt and commenced the publication of a uniform edition of the works of O. Henry in twelve three-and-sixpenny volumes. They hung fire a little at first, I believe, but by degrees made

headway, and before the series was completed it had achieved a large and increasing success. This was recently followed by an announcement of the issue of the twelve volumes in a shilling edition by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; the first six have appeared, and the remainder are to be published before the end of the year, and as the publishers estimate that by then, at the present rate of sale, at least half a million copies will have been sold, one may take it that, at long last, O. Henry is triumphantly entering into his kingdom.

In a brilliant appreciation of "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry," in his new book, "Essays and Literary Studies" (John Lane), Professor Stephen Leacock speaks of the wide and increasing popularity of O. Henry in America, and of his "strange obscurity" in Great Britain. He thinks it "only too likely that many, perhaps the majority, of British readers have never heard of O. Henry." That was certainly true when it was written, but in the last six months our long-suffering public has risen above the reproach. Professor Leacock tries to suggest a reason for our indifference. "The British reader turns with distaste," he says, "from anything which bears to him the taint of literary vulgarity or cheapness; he instinctively loves anything which seems to have the stamp of scholarship, and revels in a classical allusion even when he doesn't understand it." But for the sting in its tail and the passage that succeeds it, I should suspect this sentence of irony, for the British reader received at once and with open arms the joyous extravagances of Max Adeler (who, by the way, should not have been entirely ignored in Professor Leacock's essay on "American Humor"), and there is nothing in "Elbow Room" or "Out of the Hurly-Burly" that is funnier or more quaintly humorous than some of Henry's stories, but O. Henry

can move you to tears as well as to laughter—you have not finished with him when you have called him a humorist. He has all the gifts of the supreme teller of tales, is master of tragedy as well as of burlesque, of comedy and of romance, of the domestic and the mystery-tale of common life, and has a delicate skill in stories of the supernatural. Through every change of his theme runs a broad, genial understanding of all sorts of humanity, and his familiar, sometimes casually conversational style conceals a finished narrative art that amply justifies Professor Leacock in naming him one "of the great masters of modern literature." He is not, then, of that cheap type of author from whom, as the Professor says, the British reader "turns with distaste." He has not been received among us sooner simply because, to repeat Mr. Leacock's statement, "the majority of British readers have never heard of O. Henry," and obviously until they have heard of him it is impossible that they should read him. Therefore, the blame for our not sooner appreciating him rests, not on our general public, but on our critics and publishers. If he had been adequately published, and adequately reviewed over here before, British readers must have heard of him, and their complete vindication lies in the fact that now, when at length he has been adequately published and reviewed, and so brought to their notice, they are reading his books as fast as they can lay hands on them.

#### I.

A Life of O. Henry—or, to give him his real name, William Sydney Porter—is in preparation and will be published shortly; until then, we must content ourselves with such scattered fragments of biography as are available.

He was born in 1867 in North Carolina, probably at Greensboro, where,

at all events, he spent his earlier years. His father was a doctor, a large-hearted, capable man, who was for some while editor of a local paper. His mother died when he was a child, and he was brought up under the influence of a maiden aunt who conducted a private school. He left school to go as a clerk in the drug store of his uncle, Clarke Porter, and it was here that he first revealed his natural bent by writing and illustrating a comedy-satire in which he caricatured the local celebrities who formed a social club which gathered of evenings round the stove in the drug store. It was read out at one of the gatherings, and so accurately caught the peculiarities of his listeners that some of his models recognized themselves and were seriously offended. His health beginning to fail, it was decided that town life and the sedentary work of the drug store were not good for him, and whilst he was still in his 'teens, he was sent away to a ranch in Texas, where he remained for three years. Among a little sheaf of miscellanies, given at the end of one of his twelve volumes, "Rolling Stones," are several letters written from Texas to his friends between 1883 and 1885, and in one of these, to Dr. W. P. Beall, he says he has "almost forgotten what a regular old gum-chewing, ice-cream destroying, opera ticket vortex, ivory-clawing girl looks like"; and adds, "If you see anybody about to start to Texas to live, especially to this part, if you will take your scalpouler and sever the jugular vein, cut the brachiopod artery and hamstring him, after he knows what you have done for him he will rise up and call you blessed." Which may hold some indication of his real sentiments but is no more to be taken too literally than is this pen-picture of himself in the same letter:

If long hair, part of a sombrero, Mexican spurs, etc., would make a fellow famous, I already occupy a

topmost niche in the Temple Frame. If my wild untamed aspect had not been counteracted by my well-known benevolent and amiable expression of countenance, I would have been arrested long ago by the Rangers on general suspicions of murder and horse stealing. In fact, I owe all my present means of lugubrious living to my desperate and bloodthirsty appearance, combined with the confident and easy way in which I tackle a Winchester rifle. There is a gentleman who lives about fifteen miles from the ranch, who for amusement and recreation, and not altogether without an eye to the profit, keeps a general merchandise store. This gent, for the last few months, has been trying very earnestly to sell me a little paper, which I would like much to have but am not anxious to purchase. Said paper is my account, receipted. Occasionally he is absent, and the welcome news coming to my ear, I mount my fiery hoss and gallop wildly up to the store, enter with something of the *sang froid*, grace, abandon, and *recherché* nonchalance with which Charles Yates ushers ladies and gentlemen to their seats in the opera house, and, nervously fingering my butcher knife, fiercely demand goods and chattels of the clerk. This plan always succeeds. This is by way of explanation of the vast and unnecessary stationery of which this letter is composed.

A more reliable portrait of him, as he was in those days, is to be found in this recollection of one of his associates:

Porter was the littlest man in the crowd. He was about five feet six inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, had coal-black hair, gray eyes, and a long, carefully-twisted moustache; looked as though he might be a combination between the French and the Spanish and I think he once told me that the blood of the Huguenots flowed in his veins. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen I ever knew. His voice was soft and musical with just enough rattle in it to rid it of all



touch of effeminacy. He had a keen sense of humor and there were two distinct methods of address which were characteristic with him—his business address, and his friendly address. As a business man his face was calm, almost expressionless, his demeanor was steady, even, calculated; but the minute he was out of business that was all gone. He always approached a friend with a merry twinkle in his eye and an expression which said, "Come on, boys, we're going to have a lot of fun," and we usually did.

From the ranch, O. Henry went to work on a newspaper in Houston City; thence, to become a clerk in a bank at Austin, Texas, and here he bought a newspaper of his own, which he renamed *The Rolling Stone*, and wrote and illustrated himself, letting his burlesque, whimsical humors run riot in it and making it, surely, one of the queerest and most unconventional periodicals that ever got into circulation. But he abandoned it before long to go wandering to New Orleans, and all about Central America, where he "knocked around mostly among refugees and consuls." By-and-by, he returned to Texas for a spell, and then at length he went to New York, where, with occasional holidays in search of health, he spent the remaining nine years of his life. He had commenced his literary career in earnest whilst he was in New Orleans, but the best and greater part of his work was done in those last nine years. Working to the end in the last sketch that he completed, "Let Me Feel Your Pulse," he tickled the gaunt ribs of death and laughed at the illness that was wearing him away; and in 1911, when his reputation throughout America was well established, and his powers seemed to be still maturing, when he had achieved popularity and was on the threshold of fame, he died in the Polyclinic Hospital of New York at the age of forty-four.

## II.

While he was in the bank at Austin, O. Henry suffered a stupidly heavy-handed injustice; he had behaved foolishly and was punished as harshly for his folly as if it has been an unmitigated crime. He felt the shame of this acutely. It was the kind of wrong that would have soured and embittered most men, but its effect on O. Henry seems to have been to make him infinitely charitable, infinitely sympathetic towards all humanity, especially towards those who had been racked and broken in the world's torture chambers. It had the effect, too, of making him an exile from the places that had known him and sending him forth on that wandering, bohemian existence from which he was forever yearning to return, and then yearning to get back to when he had returned from it. Just before his marriage to Miss Sara Lindsay Coleman, of Asheville, North Carolina, O. Henry wrote asking his friend Gilman Hall to make certain arrangements for the wedding, and added:

I'm right with you on the question of the "homelike" system of having fun. I think we'll agree beautifully on that. I've had all the cheap bohemism that I want. I can tell you, none of the "climbers" and the cocktail crowd are going to bring their vaporings into my house. I'm for the clean, merry life, with your best friends in the game and a general concentration of energies and aims. I am having a cedarwood club cut from the mountains with knots on it, and I am going to stand in my hallway (when I have one) and edit with it the cards of all callers. You and Mrs. will have latchkeys, of course.

And in a scrap of autobiography, written after he had become a more or less orthodox citizen of New York, he looks back wistfully, remembers how at eighteen he "went to Texas and ran

wild on the prairies," and observes that he is:

Wild yet, but not so wild. Can't get to loving New Yorkers. Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place three doors from Wash. Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps, and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say presently up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her, and pretty soon all of us would be singing the "Swanee River" and "In the Evening by the Moonlight," and—oh, gol darn it, what's the good, of wishing?

But you can see, now, that the life he lived was the life that was best for him; that every phase of it had its share in making him the prose troubadour that he became. Half his books are filled with stories that are shaped and colored by his roamings, and the other half with stories that he gathered in the busy ways and, particularly, in the byways of "little old New York." For the scenes, incidents and characters of his tales he had no need to travel far outside the range of his own experiences, and it is probably this that helps to give them the carelessly intimate air of reality that is part of their strength. He touches in his descriptions lightly and swiftly, yet whether he is telling of the old-world quaintness of North Carolina, the rough lawlessness of Texas, the strange glamour of New Orleans, the slumbrous bizarre charm of obscure South American coast towns, or the noise and bustle and squalor, and up-to-date magnificence of New York, his stories are steeped in color

and atmosphere. You come to think of his men and women less as characters he has drawn than as people he has known, he writes of them with such familiar acquaintance, and makes them so vividly actual to you. He is as sure and as cunning in the presentment of his exquisite *senoritas*, his faded, dignified Spanish *grandees* and planters and traders and picturesque rather comic-opera Presidents of small South American republics, as in drawing his wonderful gallery of Bowery boys, financiers, clerks, shop-girls, workers and New York aristocrats. You scarcely realize them as creations, they seem to walk into his pages without effort. His women are, at least, as varied in type and as intensely human as his men: he wins your sympathy for Isabel Guilbert, who was "Eve after the fall but before the bitterness of it was felt," who "wore life as a rose in her bosom," and who, according to Keogh, could "look at a man once, and he'll turn monkey and climb trees to pick coconuts for her," no less than he wins it for Norah, the self-sacrificing little sewing-girl, of "Blind Man's Holiday," or the practical, loyally passionate wife, Santa Yeager, of "Hearts and Crosses," or the delightful Mrs. Cassidy who accepts the blows of her drunken husband as proof of his love ("Who else has got a right to be beat? I'd just like to catch him once beating anybody else!") in "A Harlem Tragedy," which would be grotesquely farcical if it were not for its droll air of truth and the curious sense of pathos that underlies it.

You may depend that the record a friend has given of O. Henry's habits when he was living in Texas, might as truthfully have been written of him during his years in New York:

Porter was one of the genuine democrats that you hear about more often than you meet. Night after night he would call me to come along and

"go bumming." That was his favorite expression for the night-time prowling in which we indulged. We would wander through streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see at close range. I've seen the most ragged specimen of a "bum" hold up Porter, who would always do anything he could for the man. His one great failing was his inability to say "No" to a man.

But I am not so sure that it was a great failing. He never valued money, but spent it or gave it away as fast as he made it. Even in the days when the editors were ready to pay him almost any price he liked for whatever he wrote, he was continually short of cash and would find it necessary to write a story and request prompt settlement in order to replenish his exchequer, or sometimes would call on an editor and show him a synopsis of a story yet to be written and draw payment for it in advance.

I am not going to attempt to say which is the best of his tales; they vary so widely in subject and manner that it is impossible to compare them. There were moods in which he saw New York in all its solid, material, commonplace realism, and moods in which it became to him "Bagdad on the Subway," and was full of the magic and mystery of romance, as Soho is in Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." His Wild West stories are a subtle blend of humor, pathos and picturesqueness; some of his town and country stories delight you by their homely naturalness, others are alive with sensation and excitement, others again are pure fantasy or things for nothing but laughter. Then there are such as "Roads of Destiny," which, with a strange dreamlike quality, a haunting, imaginative suggestiveness, unfolds three stories of the same man—as one might see them in prevision—showing that whichever way of life he had chosen

he would have been brought to the same, appointed end. The eerie touch of the other-world influences is upon you in this, as it is in "The Door of Unrest," an uncanny, queerly humorous legend of the Wandering Jew in a modern American city; and as it is in "The Furnished Room," which Professor Leacock justly singles out as one of the finest of O. Henry's works. "It shows O. Henry at his best," he says, "as a master of that supreme pathos that springs, with but little adventitious aid of time or circumstance, from the fundamental things of life itself. In the sheer art of narration there is nothing done by Maupassant that surpasses 'The Furnished Room.'" It could only be misrepresented in a summary, for though O. Henry always has a good story to tell, its effectiveness is always heightened immeasurably by his manner of telling it.

It is in sheer art of narration, and in the breadth and depth of his knowledge of humanity and his sympathy with it that he chiefly excels. He was too big a man to be nothing but an artist, and the bigger artist for that reason. He has none of the conscious stylist's elaborate little tricks with words, for he is a master of language and not its slave. He is as happily colloquial as Kipling was in his early tales, but his style is as individual, as naturally his own, as a man's voice may be. He seems to go as he pleases, writing apparently just whatever words happen to be in the ink, yet all the while he is getting hold of his reader's interest, subtly shaping his narrative with the storyteller's unerring instinct, generally allowing you no glimpse of its culminating point until you are right on it. "The art of narrative," says Keogh in "Cabbages and Kings," "consists in concealing from your audience everything it wants to know until after you expose your favorite opinions on topics foreign

to the subject. A good story is like a bitter pill with the sugar coating inside of it"; and this art O. Henry practises with a skill that is invariably admirable and at times startling. More than once he leads you deftly on till you arrive at what would seem an ingenious ending, then in a sudden paragraph he will give the whole thing a quick turn and land you in a still more ingenious climax that leaves victory in the hands of the character who had seemed to have lost.

"Cabbages and Kings," a series of stories held together by a central thread of interest, is the nearest O. Henry came to writing a novel. Towards the end of his career his publishers urged him to write one, and among his papers after his death was found an unfinished reply to them setting out something of his idea of the novel he would like to attempt. It was to be the story of an individual, The Bookman.

not of a type—"the *true* record of a man's thoughts, his descriptions of his mischances and adventures, his *true* opinions of life as he has seen it and his *absolutely honest* deductions, comments and views upon the different phases of life he passes through." It was not to be autobiography: "most autobiographies are insincere from beginning to end. About the only chance for the truth to be told is in fiction."

But his novel remains without a title in the list of unwritten books. Whether, if it had been written, it would have proved him as great an artist on the larger canvas as he is on the smaller, is a vain speculation and a matter of no moment. What matters is that in these twelve volumes of his he has done enough to add much and permanently to the world's sources of pleasure, and enough to give him an assured place among the masters of modern fiction.

*A. St. John Adcock.*

## THE GOOD WORD.

It is quite inadequate to say that the troops were worn out, and indeed it is hard to find words to convey to anyone who has not experienced some days of a mixture of fighting and forced marching how utterly exhausted, how dead beat, how stupefied and numbed in mind and body the men were. For four days and nights they had fought and dug trenches and marched, and fought again, and halted to dig again, and fought again, and extricated themselves under hailing bullets and pouring shells from positions they never expected to leave alive, only to scramble together into some sort of ragged-shaped units and march again. And all this was under a fierce August sun, with irregular meals and sometimes no meals, at odd times with a scarcity or com-

plete want of water, at all times with a burning lack and want of sleep.

This want of sleep was the worst of it all. Any sort of fighting is heavy sleep inducing; when it is prolonged for days and nights without one good, full, satisfying sleep the desire for rest becomes a craving, an all-absorbing aching passion. At first a man wants a bed or space to lie down and stretch his limbs and pillow his head and sink into dreamless oblivion; at last he would give his last possession merely to be allowed to lean against a wall, to stand upright on his feet and close his eyes. To keep awake is torture, to lift and move each foot is a desperate effort, to keep the burning eyes open and seeing an agony. It takes the most tremendous effort of will to contemplate another five min-



utes of wakefulness, another hundred yards to be covered; and here were hours, endless hours, of wakefulness, miles and tens of miles to be covered.

Cruelly hard as the conditions were for the whole retreating army, the rear-guard suffered the worst by a good deal. They were under the constant threat of attack, were halted every now and then under that threat or to allow the main body to keep a sufficient distance, had to make some attempt to dig in again, had to endure spasmodic shelling either in their shallow trenches or as they marched along the road.

By the fourth day the men were reduced to the condition of automatons. They marched—no, it could hardly be said any longer that they "marched"; they stumbled and staggered along like drunken men; their chins were sunk on their chests, their jaws hung slack, their eyes were set in a fixed and glassy stare, or blinked, and shut and opened heavily, slowly, and drowsily, their feet trailed draggingly, their knees sagged under them. When the word passed to halt, the front ranks took a minute or two to realize its meaning and obey, and the ranks behind bumped into them and raised heads and vacant staring eyes for a moment and let them drop again in a stupor of apathy. The change, the cessation of automatic motion was too much for many men; once halted they could no longer keep their feet, and dropped and sat or rolled helplessly to lie in the dust of the road. These men who fell were almost impossible to rouse. They sank into sleep that was almost a swoon, and no shaking or calling or cursing could rouse them or get them up again. The officers, knowing this, tried to keep them from sitting or lying down, moved, staggering themselves as they walked, to and fro along the line, exhorting, begging, beseeching, or scolding and swearing

and ordering the men to keep up, to stand, to be ready to move on. And when the order was given again, the pathetically ridiculous order to "Quick march," the front ranks slowly roused and shuffled off, and the rear stirred slowly and with an effort heaved their rifles over their shoulders again and reeled after the leaders.

Scores of the men had abandoned packs and haversacks, all of them had cast away their overcoats. Many had taken their boots off and marched with rags or puttees wound round their blistered and swollen feet. But no matter what one or other or all had thrown away, there was no man without his rifle, his full ammunition pouches, and his bayonet. These things weighed murderously, cut deep and agonizingly into the shoulders, cramped arms and fingers to an aching numbness; but every man clung to them, had never a thought of throwing them into the ditch, although many of them had many thoughts of throwing themselves there.

Many fell out—fell out in the literal as well as the drill sense of the word; swerved to the side of the road and missed foot in the ditch and fell there, or stumbled in the ranks, tripped, lacking the brain or body quickness to recover themselves, collapsed, and rolled and lay helpless. Others, again, gasped a word or two to a comrade or an N.C.O., stumbled out of the ranks to the roadside, sank down with hanging head and rounded shoulders to a sitting position. Few or none of these men deliberately lay down. They sat till the regiment had plodded his trailing length past, tried to stagger to knees and feet, succeeded, and stood swaying a moment, and then lurched off after the rear ranks; or failed, stared stupidly after them, collapsed again slowly and completely. All these were left to lie where they fell. It was useless to

urge them to move because every officer and N.C.O. knew that no man gave up while he had an ounce of strength or energy left to carry on, that orders or entreaties had less power to keep a man moving than his own dogged pluck and will, that when these failed to keep a man going nothing else could succeed.

All were not, of course, so hopelessly done as this. There were still a number of the tougher muscled, the firmer willed, who kept their limbs moving with conscious volition, who still retained some thinking power, who even at times exchanged a few words or a mouthful of curses. These, and the officers, kept the whole together, kept them moving by force of example, set the pace for them and gave them the direction. Most of them were in the leading ranks of their own companies, merely because their greater energy had carried them there past and through the ranks of those whose minds were nearly or quite a blank, whose bodies were more completely exhausted, whose will-power was reduced to a blind and sheep-like instinct to follow a leader, move when and where the dimly seen khaki form or tramping boots in front of them moved, stop when and where they stopped.

The roads by which the army was retreating were cumbered and in places choked and blocked with fugitive peasantry fleeing from the advancing Germans, spurred into and upon their flight by the tales that reached them of ravished Belgium, by first-hand accounts of the murder of old men and women and children, of rape and violation and pillage and burning. Their slow, crawling procession checked and hindered the army transport, added to the trials of the weary troops by making necessary frequent halts and deviations off the road and back to it to clear some

block in the traffic where a cart had broken down, or where worn-out women with hollow cheeks and staring eyes, and children with dusty, tear-streaked faces crowded and filled the road.

The rear-guard passed numbers of these lying utterly exhausted by the roadside, and the road for miles was strewn with the wreckage of the retreat, with men who had fallen out unable longer to march on blistered or bleeding feet or collapsed in the heedless sleep of complete exhaustion; with broken-down carts dragged clear into the roadside and spilled with their jumbled contents into the ditch; with crippled horses and footsore cattle; with quivering-lipped, gray-haired old men, and dry-eyed, cowering women, and frightened, clinging children. Some of these peasantry roused themselves as the last of the rear-guard regiments came up with them, struggled again to follow on the road, or dragged themselves clear of it and sought refuge and hiding in abandoned cottages or barns or the deep dry ditches.

At one point where the road crept up the long slope of a hill the rear-guard came under the long-range fire of the German guns. The shells came roaring down, to burst in clouds of belching black smoke in the fields to either side of the road, or to explode with a sharp tearing cr-r-rash in the air, their splinters and bullets raining down out of the thick white woolly smoke cloud that coiled and writhed and unfolded in slow heavy oily eddies.

One battalion of the rear-guard was halted at the foot of the hill and spread out off the road and across the line of it. Again they were told not to lie down, and for the most part the men obeyed, leaning heavily with their arms folded on the muzzles of their rifles or watching the regiments crawling slowly up the road with

the coal-black shell-bursts in the fields about them or the white air-bursts of the shrapnel above them.

"Pretty bloomin' sight—I don't think," growled a gaunt and weary-eyed private. The man next him laughed shortly. "Pretty one for the Germs, anyway," he said; "and one they're seein' a sight too often for my fancy. They'll be forgettin' wot our faces look like if we keep on at this everlastin' runnin' away."

"Blast 'em," said the first speaker savagely, "but our turn will come presently. D'you think this yarn is right, Jacko, that we're retirin' this way just to draw 'em away from their base?"

"Gawd knows," said Jacko; "but they didn't bring us over 'ere to do nothin' but run away, an' you can bet on that, Peter."

An order passed down the line, and the men began to move slowly into the road again and to shake into some sort of formation on it, and then to plod off up the hill in the wake of the rest. The shells were still plastering the hillside and crashing over the road, and several men were hit as the battalion tramped wearily up the hill. Even the shells failed to rouse most of the men from their apathy and weariness, but those it did stir it roused mainly to angry resentment or sullen oath-mumblings and curses.

"Well, Jacko," said Peter bitterly, "I've knowed I had a fair chance o' bein' shot, but burn me if ever I thought I was goin' to be shot in the back."

"It's a long way to Tipperary," said Jacko, "an' there's bound to be a turnin' in it somewheres."

"An' it's a longer way to Berlin if we keeps on marchin' like this with our backs to it," grumbled Peter.

The sound of another approaching shell rose from a faint moan to a loud shriek, to a roar, to a wild torrent of yelling, whooping, rush-of-an-express-

train, whirlwind noise; and then, just when it seemed to each man that the shell was about to fall directly on his own individual head, it burst with a harsh crash over them, and a storm of bullets and fragments whistled and hummed down, hitting the fields' soft ground with deep *whuffs*, clashing sharply on the harder road. A young officer jerked out a cry, stumbled blindly forward a few paces with outstretched arms, pitched, and fell heavily on his face. He was close to where Peter and Jacko marched, and the two shambled together to where he lay, lifted and turned him over. Neither needed a second look. "Done in," said Peter briefly, and "Never knew wot hit 'im," agreed Jacko.

An officer ran back to them, followed slowly and heavily by another. There was no question as to what should be done with the lad's body. He had to be left there, and the utmost they could do for him was to lift and carry him—four dog-tired men, hardly able to lift their feet and carry their own bodies—to a cottage by the roadside, and bring him into an empty room with a litter of clothes and papers spilled about the floor from the tumbled drawers, and lay him on a disheveled bed and spread a crumpled sheet over him.

"Let's hope they'll bury him decently," said one of the officers. The other was pocketing the watch and few pitiful trinkets he had taken from the lad's pockets. "Hope so," he said dully. "Not that it matters much to poor old Dicky. Come on, we must move, or I'll never be able to catch the others up."

They left the empty house quietly, pulling the door gently shut behind them.

"Pore little Blinker," said Jacko, as they trudged up the road after the battalion; "the best bloomin' officer the platoon ever 'ad."

"The best I ever 'ad in all my seven," said Peter. "I ain't forgettin' the way 'e stood up for me afore the C.O. at Aldershot when I was carpeted for drunk. And 'im tryin' to stand wi' the right side of 'is face turned away from the light, so the C.O. wouldn't spot the black eye I gave 'im in that same drunk!"

"Ah, an' that was just like 'im," said Jacko. "An' to think 'e's washed out with a 'ole in the back of his 'ead—the back of it, mind you."

Peter cursed sourly.

The battalion trailed wearily on until noon, halted then, and for the greater part flung themselves down and slept on the roadside for the two hours they waited there; were roused—as many of them, that is, as would rouse, for many, having stopped the machine-like motion of marching, could not recommence it, and had to be left there—and plodded on again through the baking afternoon heat. They had marched over thirty miles that day when at last they trailed into a small town where they were told they were to be billeted for the night. Other troops, almost as worn as themselves, were to take over the duties of rear-guard next day, but although that was good enough news it was nothing to the fact that to-night, now, the battalion was to halt and lie down and take their fill—if the Huns let them—of sleep.

They were halted in the main square and waited there for what seemed to the tired men an interminable time.

"Findin' billets," said Jacko. "Wish they'd hurry up about it."

"Seems to me there's something more than billets in the wind," said Peter suspiciously. "Wot's all the officers confabbin' about, an' wot's that *tamasha* over there wi' them Staff officers an' the C.O.?"

The *tamasha* broke up, and the C.O. tramped back to the group of his

officers, and after a short parley they saluted him and walked over to the battalion.

"Fall in," came the order sharply. "Fall in there, fall in."

Most of the men were sitting along the curb of the pavement or in the dusty road, or standing leaning on their rifles. They rose and moved heavily and stiffly, and shuffled into line.

"Wot is it, sergeant?" asked Jacko suspiciously. "Wot's the move?"

"We're goin' back," said the sergeant. "Hurry up there, you. Fall in. We're goin' back an' there's some word of a fight."

The word flew round the ranks.

"Going back . . . a fight . . . back . . ."

Across the square another regiment tramped stolidly and turned down a side street. A man in their rear ranks turned and waved a hand to the waiting battalion. "So long, chums," he called. "See you in Berlin."

"Ga' strewth," said Jacko, and drew a deep breath. "Goin' back; an' a fight; an' the ol' Bluffs on the move too. In Berlin, eh; wonder wot they've 'eard. Back—blimey, Peter, I believe we're goin' for the blinkin' 'Uns again. I believe we're goin' to advance."

That word went round even faster than the other, and where it passed it left behind it a stir of excitement, a straightening of rounded shoulders, a lifting of lolling heads. "Going back . . . going to attack this time . . . going to advance. . . ."

Actually this was untrue, or partly so at least. They were going back, but still merely acting as rear-guard to take up a position clear of the town and hold it against the threat of too close-pressing pursuit. But the men knew nothing of that at the time. They were going back; there was word of a fight; what else did that spell but



a finish to this cursed running away, an advance instead of a retreat? The rumor acted like strong wine to the men. They moved to the parade orders with something of their old drilled and disciplined appearance; they swung off in their fours with shuffling steps, it is true, but with a decent attempt to keep the step, with their heads more or less erect and their shoulders back. And when the head of the column turned off the square back into the same street they had come up into the town, a buzz of talk and calling ran through the ranks, a voice piped up shakily, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" and a dozen, a score, a hundred voices took up the chorus sturdily and defiantly. The battalion moved out with the narrow streets ringing to their steady tramp, tramp, over the *pavé* cobbles and the sound of their singing. Once clear of the town, it is true, the singing died away and the regular tramping march tailed off into the murmuring shuffle of feet moving out of step. But the deadly apathy had lifted from the men, there was an air of new life about them; one would never have known this battalion for the one that had marched in over the same road half an hour before. Then they were no more than a broken, dispirited crowd, their minds dazed, their bodies numbed with fatigue, moving mechanically, dully, apathetically, still plodding and shuffling their feet forward merely because their conscious minds had set their limbs the task, and then the tired brains, run down, had left the machinery of their bodies still working—working jerkily and slackly perhaps, but nevertheless working as it would continue to work until the overstrained muscles refused their mechanical duty.

Now they were a battalion, a knitted and coherent body of fighting men, still worn out and fatigued almost to

the point of collapse, but with working minds, with a conscious thought in their brains, with discipline locking their ranks again, with the prospect of a fight ahead, with the hope strong in them that the tide was turning, that they were done with the running away and retreating and abandoning hard-fought fields they were positive they had won; that now their turn was come, that here they were commencing and making the longed-for advance.

And as they marched they heard behind them a deep *boo-boom, boo-boom, boo-moom*, and the whistling rush of the shells over their heads. That and the low muttering rumble of guns far out on the flank brought to them a final touch of satisfaction. They were advancing, and the guns were supporting them already then—good, oh good!

And as they marched back down the road they had come they met some of their stragglers hobbling painfully on bandaged feet, or picked them up from where they still lay in a stupor of sleep on the roadside. And to all of them the one word "advance" was enough. "We're going back . . . it's an advance," turned them staggering round to limp back in the tail of the battalion, or lifted them to their feet to follow on as best they might. They picked up more than their own men, too, men of other regiments who had straggled and fallen out, but now drew fresh store of strength from the cheerful word "advance," and would not be denied their chance to be in the van of it, but tailed on in rear of the battalion and struggled to keep up with them. "We're all right, sir," said one, when an officer would have turned him and sent him back to find his own battalion. "We're pretty near done in on marching; but there's a plenty fight left in us—specially when it's an advance."

"Jacko," said Peter, "I'm damn near dead; but thank the Lord I won't 'ave to die runnin' away."

"All I asks," said Jacko, "is as fair a target on 'em as we've 'ad before, an' a chance to put a 'ole in the back o' some o' *their* 'eads."

"Ah!" said Peter. "Pore little The Cornhill Magazine.

Blinker. They've got to pay for 'im an' a few more like 'im."

"They 'ave, blarst them," said Jacko savagely, and dropped his hand to his bayonet haft, slid the steel half out and home again. "Don't fret, chum, they'll pay—soon or late, this time or nex', one day or another—they'll pay."

*Boyd Cable.*

### IMITATIONS.

Youth, it appears, has come under the influence of the cinematograph, and numbers of English and Scottish boys, ignoring the good example of the V.C.'s and D.S.O.'s who are photographed so dully in the halfpenny newspapers, have taken to copying the dress and deeds of those American crooks who are portrayed so interestingly on the moving pictures. No doubt it is only a few who have been led in this way into the romance of evil. But the Glasgow police complain that a gang of Redskins has been giving them trouble, and, in West London, youths known as Bostons have appeared before the magistrates. These youths are said even to have their hair cut in a special way and to dress as distinctively as a Parisian apache. The average Boston's Bostonianism, we take it, goes no farther than his cap and his hair-cut. But the out-and-out Boston aims at living like the bad boy on the cinematograph who breaks his mother's heart. The complaint that the cinematographs are upsetting the morals of the young is not a new one. There was a censor appointed some time ago to prevent this. But censorships are unsatisfactory things. They are almost always as unintelligent as they are useless. They are defenders not of morals but of conventions. And, besides, no two men can agree as to what is the right

occasion for the use of the blue pencil. Most men, however, are like sub-editors, who use it for the sake of using it, feeling that they would not be earning their salaries if they did not slash about a little. They like to leave their mark. Destruction is their only form of creation. That is why, in the end, the intellect of the world revolts against censors. They are as objectionable as an irresponsible brake which would be as likely to act on a level road as on a hill.

But the case against censorships is sometimes presented as absurdly as the case for them. We have heard an opponent of censorships base his opposition on the theory that fiction, whether in books or in the theatre, has scarcely any influence on conduct. To suggest this is at once to disparage imaginative literature and to display an extraordinary ignorance of human nature. It is not possible to measure the influence that plays and novels have on the lives of average citizens. Probably not one person in a million could definitely point to any play or novel that had altered the course of his existence. One has to go to an extreme case like that of Don Quixote to find a man who, if he had never read fiction, would have lived an absolutely different life. But Don Quixote is in this merely an exaggerated representation of a common human tendency. We all in the same

way desire to emulate the feats were read of in heroic tales. Thousands of people cannot even see Mr. Martin Harvey in *The Only Way* without desiring to mount the scaffold like Sidney Carton. That they do not ultimately do this is due in some degree to the fact that it is not easy to find a scaffold which one can mount with credit in a modern civilized community, and partly to the fact that in the average man—even in the average playgoer—imaginative impulses are kept in control by practical considerations. But the impulse is there, and even though it may not express itself directly it may do so indirectly. Certainly, if impulses of the kind accumulated, as they did with Don Quixote, they might well produce some surprising results in action. Flaubert, unless our memory is at fault, made the reading of romances play an important part in the life of Emma Bovary. It is clearly improbable that anything which is read with so much rapture as fiction will have no more influence on one's conduct than the advice of a debilitated uncle. One has only to go to a boys' school to get proof of the influence of fiction on life. The present writer remembers two or three schoolfellows who ran away to sea, and one of them was the hungriest reader of pirate stories at the school. Schoolmasters are, of course, almost over-aware of this passion for imitation. One remembers how, some years ago, they were horrified by Mr. Kipling's *Stalky and Co.* Had schoolboys generally taken to the imitation of Mr. Kipling's hero, there would have been an end to order in English schools. Every human boy, it was feared, would on reading the book straightway take to smoking and truancy and the avoidance of school games. As a matter of fact, the communal spirit is too strong in schoolboys to make it likely that any but the Ishmaels of the school would become pupils and imitators of

Stalky. The heroes of Talbot Baines Reed, who score the winning try against the rival school-team, and who go about like aureoled cocks-of-the-walk, are much more likely to be taken as models by the average boy. But then it is the Ishmaels who provide schoolmasters and magistrates with problems.

Oscar Wilde used to air a pretty theory that life was merely an imitation of art—that art was the reality and life the mirror. The nineteenth century, he declared, was largely an invention of Balzac. "We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy or creative vision of a great novelist." Similarly George Borrow used to regard the Catholic revival of the nineteenth century as an unfortunate imitation of the Waverley Novels. Oscar Wilde was able to point to the multiplication of the Rossetti type of womanhood as an example of the way in which life follows where art leads. When Rossetti began to paint, there may not have been more than one—there may not have been even one—Rossetti woman in existence. In a few years this kind of woman had become almost a national type. More recently we found a host of women doing their best to cultivate the march of Mlle. Gaby Deslys. Before the war one used to wonder whether there had been so many dudes in the world before Mr. G. P. Huntley invented them. Even since the war we have seen the moustache of Mr. Charles Chaplin copied with much exactness in the best circles.

It seems reasonable to infer that, if human beings imitate the hats and mustaches of stage and literary heroes, they will also be inclined to imitate their morals. Many young men are said to have committed suicide through imitativeness after reading *The Sorrows of Werther*. Many of us

again, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, have longed to imitate the young Roman who thrust his hand into the flames and held it there as proof of courage. The incident, we have no doubt, is fiction, but life is eager to copy it. Similarly, Plutarch's *Lives*—which, though they are not fiction except in parts, have all the charm of fiction—have for centuries filled men with the desire to act the part of a Pelopidas, an Epaminondas or a Brutus. It is possible that the fictitious halo that Plutarch gave to Brutus may have been a contributory cause of more than one political assassination. Harmodius and Aristogeiton, as they used to be pictured, are also now said to be fictitious characters, and in this capacity they, too, have probably been the ancestors of assassins. Plutarch, by the republican models he held up to an imitative humanity, helped to produce the French Revolution. There is much to be said for the theory that imaginative authors are the authors not merely of books but of civilizations. The Old Testament produced the Puritan warrior as an imitation of the remorseless Hebrew generals of antiquity. It is the realization of these things that makes some moralists desire above all things a literature of heroic types. The hero in literature, they think, is destined to reproduce himself as the hero in life, like a grain of wheat that produces first an ear and then a sheaf, and then a field. In this view literature is mainly a prophecy, and life the fulfilment of a prophecy. We have heard of a distinguished Irishman whose belief in his country's future is entirely based on early Irish heroic literature. He believes that the legends of Cuchullain and Maeve and Finn are simply foreshadowings which must one day come true. Perhaps it is a suspicion that fiction always comes true that drives us to tell all sorts of admirable lies

about great men. The legend of George Washington and the cherry-tree may have been invented instinctively in order that children might grow up for centuries afterwards little apes of so truthful a hero. Unfortunately, the moralists do not always invent the most attractive types for the imitation of the young. They relieve their model heroes not only of the vices but of humanity. They invent lay figures of goodness, and make virtue seem as chilly and abstract as a figure in Euclid. They realize that love of beauty is a temptation to the senses, and so they leave beauty out of the picture. They realize that love of truth is a temptation to the intellect, and so they leave out truth except in the sense of not telling a lie in answer to a parent or a schoolmaster. There is very little left except an uninteresting moral cipher, and the result is that a boy who wants to live interestingly avoids imitating so bowelless a type and prefers to teach himself to swear like one of Mr. Kipling's soldiers. Thus the attempt to infect the world with goodness often serves only to make the world fly to the opposite infection of what is commonly regarded as badness. This, it is clear, is largely the fault of the good people. Their goodness is usually a foot-rule, not a spirit. They appeal to the censor instead of to the natural goodness of the human heart. The virtue they praise is a form not of generosity but of niggardliness. That is why boys turn with dislike from them to those who bid them live dangerously. Boys may prefer Epaminondas or even St. Francis to the American crook, but they can scarcely be blamed for preferring the American crook to the model boy whose virtue is only a soppy moral respectability. As a matter of fact, however, there are far more virtuous than vicious heroes on the cinematograph—good men who rescue women from Russian houses of ill-



fame and withstand all the temptations referred to in the Ten Commandments. Are these virtuous pictures producing a race of sedulous apes as the pictures of crime are? It is pleasant to think of a generation of very perfect gentle knights growing up in  
The New Statesman.

Whitechapel as a result of the cinematograph. The moralist is a pessimist, however, and assumes that the average boy is much more likely to imitate the sinner than the saint he sees on the "pictures." And it may be so. Virtue is always rather an undertaking.

## THE RELAPSE OF ENGLISH.

"The King's English" was published ten years ago, and soon went into a second edition. It was a most amusing and piquant book in its citations of ludicrous errors from the most dignified sources. At the same time it was a book demanding close attention, and the fact that it sold better than any other philological work of equal austerity was both surprising and pleasing. It was widely reviewed, and even those journals that had suffered most from its criticisms accepted their punishment in the best of tempers. More pleasing still, watchful readers began to detect a real improvement in the average quality of English writing. Misused words, affected phrases, meaningless or misleading constructions, that from sheer force of familiarity seemed about to be accepted as permanent idioms, suddenly dropped out of use. "Availing of," "negotiating a difficulty," "doubt but," "than whom," seemed, for a time at least, to have joined the venerable company of that older breed, "which included 'preventative,' 'thereanent,' 'there let him lay.'" We hoped we had seen the last, not only of many verbal deformities, but also of some yet more mischievous corruptions of idiom and syntax. A purified vocabulary and a clearer understanding of the mechanism of prose were now, it was hoped, to be the regular equipment of the journalist, and the inroads of uncouth Americanisms, barbarous technicalities, and

stupid and repulsive catchwords from the music-hall, were to be ended. But old-established abuses proved too stubborn. The American invasion received but a momentary check; the half-penny adjective was soon flourishing as vigorously as ever; and fresh hordes of outlandish phrases that are neither English nor the pure offspring of Latin or Greek have come swarming in from the realms of science, invention, economics, and now war.

To read the newspaper, magazine, and popular writer with an eye for the humors of their blundering is a gloomy kind of amusement, but such comic relief is the only relief we have if we feel any concern at the relapse of English. Better enjoy the comedy of it than be bored with the monotony and the ugliness. Both these qualities are concentrated, so far as newspaper English is concerned, in the headlines. Here are four examples rendered palatable by unintended humor from *The Daily News*: "Train on Fire in Tube—Passengers Alight in Tunnel." "Horse Impaled on the Hunting-Field." "A Mare's Nest Exploded." "Siam to the Rescue—Gift of Bangkok Christians to London Poor." The last turned out to have no bearing on either cannibalism or the slave trade. "Earl Dudley and Party Capsized from a Yacht" illustrates the ignorant or the arbitrary distortion of accepted meanings. Yachts sometimes capsize; but more than half-seas must have been running to

achieve the effect here so pithily described. "Darwin," "with the germs of evolution seething in his brain," is not a head-line, but a phrase in Hugh Walker's "Literature of the Victorian Era." For it would be unfair to lay all the blame for these outrages on the purity of English upon the shoulders of journalism.

"Phenomenal," in the sense of extraordinary, was not killed by "The King's English"; it is now as full of lusty life as when Mr. Thomas Hardy spoke of "an evening of phenomenal irradiations." The late Prof. Churton Collins—a write of excellent English—said, "The success of these lectures has been phenomenal," and Mr. Hichens talked of "an air of listening to his own speech as if in some strange way it were phenomenal to him." Writers are too wideawake nowadays to blunder over "mutual," but their substitutes are not always free from self-consciousness. Says a *Daily News* correspondent, "I had known Capt. Ito for six months. We shared a campaign together, and saw more than one battle in common." The last phrase is, to adopt a favorite expression, "somewhat cryptic." What exactness means to some persons is neatly illustrated by *The Manchester Guardian*, which said, "The exact period was, of course, about 370." It is another use of the word when *The Saturday Review* says, "Dr. Warren was an exact contemporary of Mr. Asquith." *The Saturday* is usually very precise in its application of terms; "bourn" or "bourne," however, does not mean destination, but rather bound or limit. "It is likely that the noise of this incident led to the first suspicion of the Caroline's bourne," accordingly requires some explanation. It is possible to enforce objections, but it is no wonder that the Mortlake justices, mentioned by *The Daily News*, "could not en-

force three conscientious objectors summoned before them to have their children vaccinated against their will." "Replacé" used to have one definite meaning—to put something back. This meaning still survives, but as a rule the word now bears the opposite meaning, not to put back, but to put something in the place of the thing removed. This distortion has proceeded so far that words of a similar meaning are dragged into the same error, as "reinstated" in the following: "All the ceilings had been white-washed, all the rooms papered, the broken glass hacked out and *rein-stated*!" *The Bookman* complains, "Material action is reduced to a minimum, but it is not substituted by discussion." Even "The King's English" adopts the new-fangled sense of "replace": see, "The second dash should be two places earlier, and itself be replaced by a comma." Which meaning Dr. Holland Rose intends in the following is doubtful: "He now replaced in the ministry the brusque and reactionary Rouher." The confusion is of old standing. Lecky wrote, "The Duke of Bedford soon after replaced Temple as Privy Seal," and Leslie Stephen, "to replace decaying by sound timbers." America has coined the word "replacers," used by Owen Wister in "The whole wise, philosophic system of joining with the replacers in order that you be not replaced yourself." Before passing from vocabulary to construction, let us pray fervently that the terrible colloquialism, "Aren't I?" be repelled in its insidious intrusions into literature. "Aren't I tiring you?" and "I'm a lot better today, nurse, aren't I?" both come from Mr. Charles Marriott. Mr. Wells presents us with "My dear, aren't I a feminist?" and "Aren't I in a net?"

"The number of excursions that can be made daily from Bala, return-

ing the same evening, to places celebrated for their natural grandeur, are almost unlimited." With two such arrant misconstructions in one sentence we feel that we are on familiar ground. Let us, then, examine modern prose as a work of constructive art. First, suppose we cull a few flowers of rhetoric quite at random, and make a nosegay: classification for the herbarium can come later. "Detesting sea-traveling though I usually do," Sarah Bernhardt observes. "When a solution of the mystery might be cleared up," says one writer to *The Times*. He evidently went to the same school as the correspondent who had "good reason for believing they will successfully use the . . . when a knowledge of it becomes widely known. "Such milk is liable to infect persons consuming it with tuberculosis," is a medical officer's warning. There are degrees of excellence, *The Academy* informs us, for "The general reader has now excellent and cheap translations of varying merit at his hand without trouble." In *The Liverpool Daily Post* we find, "This little tractate is one which may be read by all who have young children to take care of with real benefit." "Wounded soldiers are taken by well-known Cairene inhabitants to see the sights of Egypt in pyjamas," is from an illustrated paper which failed to give a photograph of this remarkable sight. "A motor-car driven by an Englishman on the way to Paris skidded some miles from Pau." Strange to say, after a skid like that only the chauffeur was killed.

The management of collective nouns requires vigilance, or there will be strange confusions of singular and plural. "Politics have purposely become less literary," remarks Mr. Chesterton; "is politics better?" This is no worse, however, than Henry Kingsley's "This new sort [of banisters]

which is coming in are wretched."

"Conflicts have taken place in many quarters of the city," says *The Daily News*. The excessive number of quarters in this city recalls the strangely extensive spots in "one of the numerous spots which surround London, especially in the west."

Prepositions and conjunctions have always been a trouble: "contrasted to the world in which Lily had lately lived" (Edith Wharton), "that aversion to scientific reasoning" (Stephen), "a growing revulsion to such an employment" (Alexander Bain), "far off to the other elements of the story" (Joseph Conrad), "his superficial differences with the poor" (Thomas Hardy), "similar ideas . . . as those of Kant" (Prof. Brandt), "a profession of equal standing as those of the law" (*Library Association Record*)—these are divers attempts to solve the same conundrum. "This is a far superior edition than the later reprint." "Every one else in the world knows it but he" (Mrs. Mann), "Nobody except he was impatiently cordial for the event" (R. W. Chambers), are common errors. Still more common is the thing that centers round something instead of in a point. Admiral Mahan was responsible for "The sphere of British influence centers round the British Isles," and *The Daily News* for "The chief interest undoubtedly centers round the fate of the Sultan." "To be availed of" has the imprimatur of *The Daily News*; and *The Liverpool Daily Post* admits "The conscience clause could be availed of." One might cavil at "the Turkish fortress at the mouth of the Gulf of Arta, the gauntlet of which two gunboats safely ran last week." What of the "subscription agent (American) who is usually to be beware of," and Oscar Wilde's friend who "was too clever and too cynical to be really fond of"? Prepositions are such prickly

things that Netta Syrett leaves them out wholesale—"A furious discussion as to which restaurant she should be taken today," and "He walks westward in search of a place to dine."

What "The King's English" calls "grammatical consciousness" ought by now to have slain the split infinitive, yet there is Parliamentary authority for "This House declines to sanction any proposal to further arbitrarily curtail discussion of Supply." A far more serious situation arises when the question of positive or negative is at stake, as in the following samples: "a turmoil of emotion which he could not analyze nor define" (Arnold Bennett), "He neither craved to make or to receive confidences," "neither lingering or hasting" (A. C. Benson), "Who could deny that Auntie Clara was not an extraordinary, an original, and a generous woman?" (Arnold Bennett), "Few of us do not know ladies who have not been disgracefully insulted in closed railway carriages" (*Daily News*), "Morality would be foreign to us . . . unless, in our inmost being, we did not long for its truth and its realization" (translation of Prof. Boutroux).

Pleonasm is easy to recognize; it is, therefore, unnecessary to cumber these pages with illustrations. Of mere redundancy, which is not, to adopt a well-used phrase, "identically the same," a few instances may be instructive. "Presently the flames sank from lack of more fuel," and "There would be an end of any further charity from him," are both from Mr. Eden Phillpotts. Rhoda Broughton supplies, "Even you can't expect me to go on with a business which I had rather my right hand had been cut off than I had ever tampered with it!" Why the "as" in "For as between people with full knowledge a hint may be enough," or the "and" in Mr. Wells's "She was a girlish figure leaning against

a photographer's stile, and with all the self-conscious shrinking natural to that position"?

It is time that an effort was made to put "only" into its proper place. Its trespasses are incessant, and even "The King's English" condoned them by adopting the current usage. "A driver would only be fined if a satisfactory explanation was not forthcoming," says *The Times*. What does "only" mean in this sentence? Surely, that the driver would be punished inadequately; but *The Times* means that he would be fined only if an explanation were not forthcoming. That most incorrect philologist Borrow falls into the blunder in "Greek was only taught in the fifth or highest class." In these, from "The King's English," "The mistakes are nearly always on one side, the infinitive being the form that should only be used with caution," and "For a person's name can only require a defining clause to distinguish him from others of the same name," the meaning is, not that the form should only be used, but should be used only with caution, and that the defining clause is required only to distinguish, etc. Two "onlys" are out of place in this rendering of Schiller: "Man only plays when, in the full significance of the word, he is a man, and he is only entirely a man when he plays."

With the case of "who" and "whom" we reach that besetting sin, the confusion of subject and object: "Mr. Bottomley (to the Alderman): 'Mr. Bell, you know, sir, is the gentleman whom I suggest has the books,'" comes from a law report. Mr. Crockett was guilty of the following: "I heard that she went about telling every one whom she thought would carry the tale to me." "But," says *The Spectator*, "be the camper-out whom he may, one glory of the sands, if facing west, will be pre-eminently his: the colors of the



Almighty in the Western heavens when the sun shall have been quenched in the sea." The peccant "whom" is not the only blunder in that piece of elevated English. *The Tatler* once gave its readers portraits of "little girls whom an Act passed in the reign of George III prevents their becoming Princesses." This is not quite the same kind of confusion, but the following, from Mr. Staepoole, is: "far more poetical, too, to he who can appreciate the marvel and the mystery of life." These examples bring us to a batch of blunders which are exceedingly common, such as "His hat was on his head, which he doffed for a moment to Kate Allison and her mother" (S. R. Crockett); "The Committee propose that the Annual Dinner shall be held on the 21st inst. at Pen y Gwyrd, and remaining overnight, devote the following day to an ascent of Snowdon"; "His industry, trustworthiness, and intelligence merit, as I hope they will meet, with promotion to success" (Borough Council's testimonial); "Applications must be on the official forms to be obtained, with particulars of the appointment, by sending a stamped  
The Athenaeum.

addressed foolscap envelope to the Education Officer" (advertisement in *The Athenaeum*). The last two examples of official English are sentences deserving of study from several points of view. "Afterwards," *The Daily Mail* reported, "the Russians concentrated their fire from several of the forts, and followed up this bombardment with a determined counter-attack, in which hand-grenades were freely used, but were finally repulsed." The next is from Mrs. Mann, and that which follows from *The Daily News* "until he fell into the before-dinner nap over the fire which he struggled against, but into which he was always ensnared"; "Amid intensely dramatic scenes the verdict in the prolonged Camorra trial was given today. Contrary to expectations, the jury found that five were guilty of murder on all counts, and were sentenced to thirty years' hard labor." This reminds one of Lewis Apjohn in his *Life of Beaconsfield*: "On the 12th of the following March the Duke of Edinburgh was shot in the back by an avowed Fenian in Australia, and was hung for the offence."

E. A. B.

### A WORD FOR IRELAND.

It is time for the Government and the House of Commons to measure, in the spirit of Mr. Redmond's motion, what they are doing in Ireland. There have been two periods in Anglo-Irish relationships since the war. The first was full of hope and sympathy. For the first time since the Act of Union Irish Nationalism stood in the main by the side of British Imperialism. An Irish Nationalist leader, taking his life in his hands, proclaimed the British cause as his own, and called for Irish recruits for it. He did so at a period of great difficulty, for Nationalist

Ireland had not reached the point of reconciliation between loyalty to the Motherland and loyalty to the Empire, and we, on our side, had greatly abated our political effort to attain it. But he had a quite extraordinary response. The military authorities did little to help him and Sir Hedley Le Bas's later campaign for Irish recruits. Protestants and Nationalists were appointed recruiting officers in purely Nationalist districts. The Recruiting Committee in Dublin was almost entirely composed of Unionists. At a recruiting meeting in Mullingar a local National-

ist remarked that "now that England had given Home Rule to Ireland, it was the duty of all Irishmen to enlist." The recruiting officer rose and said that he could not allow politics to be mentioned. In spite of these follies by the testimony of the Lord Lieutenant, Ireland's direct contribution to the British Armies rose to 157,000 men. The Secretary of the Irish Nationalist League of Great Britain stated that 115,000 Irishmen had been recruited in England, Scotland, and Wales. It is a fair and moderate calculation that if we take this enrolment and add to it the Irish soldiers from the Dominions, the total Irish enlistment must have been at least 300,000 men, more than three times as many soldiers as fought under the British flag in the Battles of the Marne. This was the offer of the scattered and broken Irish race, which is accustomed to attribute its dispersal to the faults of British statesmanship. and which had before it, in 1914, merely the promise without the reality of a revival of its lost liberties. What was our answer? We postponed Home Rule. We replaced the idea of a united Ireland by that of the separation of Ulster, cutting away in the act the flower of Nationalist Ireland. We failed even to negotiate the policy of partition. We substituted a Coalition for a Home Rule Government, coupled with a local Unionist Executive. We did not even give Mr. Redmond the homogeneous Irish force by which he hoped to impart color and individuality to the Irish contribution to the war. Nationalist soldiers were embodied in Ulster or even in Scottish regiments. Having conducted the recruiting campaign without regard to local or national susceptibilities, and having asked Mr. Redmond to do more than any Irish chieftain had ever done before, we reward him by threatening the extinction of his authority with his people. We call for conscription. Our Tory

Press accompanies this proposal with the curt warning that its refusal will entail the abandonment of Home Rule, with the inference, plain to every intelligent critic of the primitive instinct it calls its mind, that this is precisely what it wants. To the "Morning Post," the war has at least brought the blessedness of a return to tyranny somewhere. That somewhere happens to be Ireland, which is rather nearer than Belgium.

We need not follow the Irish reaction from this course of British statesmanship. Unwatched and unguided, a very small bit of Nationalist Ireland fell into the follies of Sinn Fein. So that this much reprobated rising might gain the place in Irish feeling which in its origin it entirely failed to occupy, we stamped its memory with that of martyrdom. The military problem became more difficult. Recruiting fell off, at least to the point of leaving the thinned Irish regiments at the front in danger of serious depletion. Some British politicians and journalists being at pains to show the small respect they entertained for liberty at home and their complete indifference to it in Ireland, the Irish Nationalist committed the grave error of doubting their entire devotion to its cause in Europe. He should have been less skeptical. The Englishman, in Heine's parable, beats his wife but loves her, and the "Morning Post's," attachment to State freedom grows with every land and sea mile that marks the road from London to Berlin. The trouble is that the Irishman, having only seen what England has done to Ireland in the past, lacks the beatific vision in which appears the glory of what it is quite possible she may do in the future. For example, her population is little more than half what it was when the Act of Union was passed. If Ireland will only consent to treat this dwindling treasure as we regard our own abun-

dant and increasing store of men, we might—who knows?—one day, accomplish something quite handsome in the way of a grant of Local Government. A Board or two might go, and an Inspector of Constabulary be pensioned off. An Empire with its life at stake, and once set on the path of magnanimity, does not stick at trifles.

Now, we suggest that the reaction in British Government has gone nearly far enough, and that the Prime Minister has an interest in saving the moral case for the war from the ruin that threatens it. The example of Ireland is quite crucial. You cannot nowadays conscript a country against its will. It is an immoral thing to do. But it is also beyond the power of any Government but that of Germany or Russia. There must be some form of democratic administration, and we have only to think of what a tribunal in an Irish agricultural county opposed to the depletion of its one industry would be in order to see that a Conscription Act for Ireland would produce nothing of consequence for recruiting, and would be merely a form of social irritation. The threat of it, coupled with the failure of Coalition statesmanship, has produced the first serious rift in Parliamentary unity since the war began, for quite apart from the special Irish view, men feel that the war for liberty can best be sustained by statesmen to whom freedom is not a word but a principle and practice of government. Mr. Redmond has produced a resolution which challenges

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the Government's conduct of the Irish question on this very ground of consistency, and his party will act with an independence which, in combination with the Radical-Labor section, constitutes it an Opposition formidable in numbers and ability. The movement must, of course, be subject to the reserves which Mr. Redmond's prudence will impose upon it. But, frankly, the needs of the country call for a free voice in Parliament. There is no other outlet. The bureaucracy grows stronger, narrower, less accessible to the ideas that moved us all two years ago. The Press has become an official organ, and the right of public meeting is now subject, under a new and strange Order in Council, to the qualifications that any violent strain of opinion or feeling can virtually bring it to an end. The increasing force of reactionary opinion does not encourage the hope of an issue to this immense tragedy in harmony with the Prime Minister's original descriptions of British policy. The loss of liberty is continuous; and at one period it looked as if nobody cared whether it went or stayed. If things are to change for the better, it will be because the normal guardians of British freedom in Parliament are beginning to re-establish their old bonds of association. The purpose is a common one, and vital to European democracy. If we keep conscription out of Ireland, we keep it out of after-war Britain. And in effecting that double salvage of liberty, we shall begin to discover where lies the material of a new Europe.

## GERMAN AGRICULTURE.

The conditions of German agriculture merit special attention. In the production within her own borders of the bulk of the food she consumes, Germany finds her greatest economic

strength. In the manner in which German agriculture has been developed there is more than one striking object-lesson for us. Between the census of 1895 and that of 1907 the number of

persons employed in German agriculture increased from 8,156,000 to 9,732,000. That the industry has made still further progress since the 1907 census will be seen by a glance at the following figures:

Year	GERMAN HARVESTS		
	Barley Tons	Oats Tons	Potatoes Tons
1907	3,497,000	9,149,000	45,538,000
1913	3,673,000	9,713,000	54,121,000

  

Year	Wheat		Rye	
	Tons		Tons	
1907	3,479,000		9,757,000	
1913	4,655,000		12,222,000	

During the last ten years the value of Germany's agricultural produce has ranged between £400,000,000 and £500,000,000 a year, and has nearly equaled the value of her industrial products. Germany has specially designed her fiscal and educational policies to keep agriculture growing, as far as possible, in proportion with manufactures. When it was observed that between the census of 1882 and that of 1895 the agricultural workers had only increased by 36,000, while the total number of occupied persons had increased by 2,709,000—that, in other words, the percentage of agricultural workers to the total of occupied persons had declined from 50.12 to 43.13—special tariffs were imposed and other measures adopted in favor of agriculture, and in the next twelve years, in spite of a tremendous increase of employment and rapidly rising wages in the mining and manufacturing industries, the number of agricultural workers increased by nearly 1,600,000. Since 1895 at least half of the German Customs duties have been raised from imported food and other natural products. The result is that today Germany, in spite of the British blockade, is managing to feed her 66,000,000 or 68,000,000 inhabitants.

In passing it may be noted that some misconception has existed in this country regarding Germany's food

supply. It was assumed in some quarters that because that country had been importing food to the tune of £160,000,000 worth a year before the war it might be possible to starve her out. It was overlooked that against that importation there was an exportation of food from Germany to the extent of £80,000,000 worth a year, and that whereas the imports were mostly comparative luxuries, or non-essentials, the exports were prime necessities. The fact was that the Germans, by stopping their exports, by killing off large numbers of their live stock and so releasing considerable quantities of corn for direct human consumption, and by reducing luxuries, could manage to exist practically without imports of food.

A great factor in Germany's agricultural development has been practical education. A few years ago a special account of German agricultural education was given in one of our own Consular Reports (No. 594). It was pointed out that there were eleven farming academies founded in Germany between 1802 and 1858. Two of those had since been raised to the status of agricultural high schools, and the remaining nine were superseded by agricultural institutes attached to the Universities of Berlin, Halle, Göttingen, Giessen, Kiel, Leipzig, Breslau, Königsberg, and Munich. The principal objects aimed at were: (1) The instruction of future owners, tenants, farmers, or managers of large or small estates in all branches of theoretical and practical agricultural science; (2) the theoretical and practical instruction of future professors, lecturers, and teachers of agricultural subjects; (3) theoretical and practical instruction in surveying and agricultural civil engineering; (4) the training of future officials of the land administrative departments; (5) scientific research for the furtherance of



agricultural progress and knowledge.

The Hohenheim Agricultural High School, the oldest in Germany, was founded in 1818 as a farming academy, and was raised to the rank of a high school in 1865, and placed under the direct supervision of the Württemberg Ministry of Education. It still occupies the first rank. The school is managed by a director, assisted by a professorial council, comprising the principal professors. The school is staffed by ten full professors in agriculture, physics and meteorology, inorganic and agricultural chemistry, organic and technical chemistry, mineralogy and geology, botany and physiology of plants, political economy, and veterinary science, ten assistant professors in zoology, law, building, forestry, bacteriology, elementary surgical and ambulance work, minor agricultural subjects, fruit, vegetable, and grape culture, practical agriculture, and bee-keeping; and even assistants in chemistry, in the seed-testing institute, the chemical-technical institute, the physiological division, the agricultural-chemical institute, and the veterinary division. The course of instruction is arranged for three years. The Hohenheim School agricultural estate covers 800 acres, and comprises dairies, an orchard, a vineyard, a mill, a manufactory of agricultural machines, tools, and models, and establishments for the breeding of horses, sheep, pigs, poultry, fish, and bees; fields for agricultural experimental purposes; stables with specimens of various domestic animals; piscicultural establishments; collection of agricultural machines; dairy for demonstration purposes; woods consisting of 6,500 acres of various kinds of trees; botanical gardens and collections; vegetable garden; mineralogical cabinet; zoological cabinet; collection of soils, manures, and various agricultural products; veterinary col-

lections; chemical laboratory; physical cabinet; library of 8,000 volumes; agricultural technological institute, including experimental stations for fermentation processes, testing of dairy products, distilling and brewing; forestry collections; agricultural chemical experimental station; meteorological station; seed-testing institute; machine-testing institute; shooting range; collections of agricultural models; chemical-technical laboratory; and mathematical-physical department. As many as 3,000 samples of artificial manures, fodder, and soils are tested in a year, and nearly 2,000 samples of seeds, of which about one-third come from foreign countries. The theoretical and practical sides of agricultural instruction are blended in an admirable manner. The annual cost to the State is £90 per student.

The Berlin Agricultural High School, which is the largest and most important in Germany, being even more elaborately equipped than the Hohenheim School, just described, was founded in 1860. It is under the direct supervision of the Minister of Agriculture, who is assisted by upper and lower professorial councils and three departmental councils, and staffed by 17 fully qualified professors, 23 lecturers, 25 assistants, and 55 other officials. There is another agricultural high school at Poppelsdorf, besides the nine agricultural institutes already alluded to. There are also 22 general agricultural schools in different parts of Germany; 45 schools of the next degree, termed "farming schools"; 195 lower agricultural winter schools; and 1,322 special agricultural schools. Pupil-laborers attending these schools for three years pay no fees, and receive board and lodging free of cost.

Another feature of agricultural instruction in Germany is the provision of traveling lecturers whose duty it is to disseminate useful agricultural

knowledge in all directions, even in the most inaccessible quarters. There is no branch of agricultural management, and no branch of production, for which special facilities for instruction are not provided. As evidence of the results attained it may be mentioned that in twenty years the production per hectare (1 hectare-2½ acres) of rye increased from 9.8 cwt. to 14.9 cwt.; of wheat, from 13.1 to 19.3; of barley from 13.0 to 18.2; of oats, from 11.4 to 17.2; and of potatoes, from 81.0 to 122.9. In the same period the yield of beetroot increased from 250 double cwt. to 310 double cwt. per hectare.

The efforts of the State have been supplemented by organization among the growers. There has been a remarkable increase in the number of agricultural unions, which have devoted their attention to the collection, utilization, and propagation of agricultural knowledge and experience gained by theory and practice, and to the fur-

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therance of the interests of agriculture in its commercial and economical aspects. The industry is also backed up by a very capable and active agricultural Press. The latest returns report the existence of 27 chambers of agriculture and central and head unions; 2,652 local and other unions, special associations, horse, garden, and poultry unions, in the State of Prussia alone; and 994 similar organizations in the other German States. Besides those there are no fewer than 16,500 co-operative agricultural societies. Beginning with the small local unions, there follow branch, district, and county unions, all these being united together in the central and provincial agricultural corporations of the smaller States and provinces. These are again united into the highest agricultural corporations of the larger States, which often possess a semi-official character. The apex of the whole organization is embodied in the Imperial German Agricultural Council.

*E. T. Good.*

## FRENCH LITERATURE SINCE THE WAR.

It is generally believed that war must be productive of literature, and of literature of the best kind. In circles not professionally literary we often hear the question, "Are there any new books worth reading?" asked in a tone which implies a certainty that masterpieces must be born already; while in literary circles, well aware of what is going on in Paris, the same question is transformed into: "Is there anything exceptionally good abroad since the War?" To the expert as well as to the amateur it seems unthinkable that great events should not be accompanied by great books.

This idea is rife whenever a war affects the nation at large, either because its existence is at stake or

because its most energetic representatives are involved; but it owes its present characteristics to the enormous development of popular literature during the past century. The coincidence of its dissemination in France with the spread of the Romanticist Movement was not fortunate. The wars of the Revolution, the wars of Napoleon were heroic deeds which demanded an heroic expression, and the straining of the Romanticists after sublimity was frequently apt to result in turgidness. As a matter of fact, most of the literature concerned with the two extraordinary decades which followed the first great modern arming of 1792—Hugo's military poems more than everything else—is now unpleas-

antly connected in our minds with histrionic associations, and it is an ordeal to hear an actor or, above all, an actress strike up in the approved tone:—

*Or, en milhuit cent neuf, nous primes  
Sarragosse*

or,

*Eylau, c'est un pays, en Prusse.*

There is too much in all this that is the desecration of a noble, popular craving by professionals indifferent to the consequences, and with some people the reaction is strong. I was only a schoolboy when I chanced on a short poem, which I have more than once tried to find again since, in which Voltaire shows in one brilliant flash all the daring and recklessness of the soldiers of his day, with the gory battlefield as a background, by dashingly describing glory as wearing a black cockade. I saw a great deal more through those few agile lines, with their faint echo of long-silenced bugles, than in more modern poems which deafen us by the drumming of their rhymes.

Certainly it cannot be denied that War means reality and a multitudinous chance for gifted individuals to gather the experience on which the best part of literature is founded; we know that there can be endless variety in the expression of the monotony of fight; that the same battle can be made interesting by a hundred narrators so long as new figures appear in it, and that a version of *La Chartreuse de Parme* by Alfred de Vigny would be well worth reading. We are also conscious of an ocean of emotions, many of them of the noblest description, beating around us, and all of us who ever attempted to put two rhymes together wish ourselves poets; as a matter of fact, I shall conclude this article with the mention of a few works answering the ideal of literature, but whatever the reasons may be, it is un-

questionable that in France, as everywhere else, the demand for great works is now much larger than the offer.

For a long time, the answer to the question: What about French literature? had to be the well-worn witticism at the expense of Orlando's mare—it was dead and gone, and nobody appeared to resuscitate it. The younger men were at the War, and many of them were soon reported killed. Behind Péguy and Clermont, whose trace in French literature was growing every day more visible and may not begin to wear off for a number of years, a long list of writers who had given more than promises could be drawn up. Their friends or rivals are still fighting, and it is only occasionally that one of them reappears, like René Benjamin, with some bone gone and a yellow ribbon to replace it.

With the older generations—the Academicians, we may call them, for we could not mention twenty writers worth naming who do not belong either to the Académie Française or to the Goncourt Academy—the disappointment at not being able to act, that is to say, fight, and the longing to do something, resulted in activity which cannot be called literature. Some, like M. Brieux, who spends all his time with blind soldiers, went in for what is called *le travail à l'arrière*; others, like M. Capus, M. Lavedan, M. Donnay, M. Bourget, M. Bazin, and above all the unconquerably energetic Barrès, devoted themselves to journalism, and it is both a joy and a pity to see the results; finally, not a few of them proceeded to die: M. de Mun, Jules Lemaitre, Faguet, Hervieu, Claretie, Roujon, M. de Ségur, M. Mézières and Francis Chalmers. It is no wonder, therefore, that the literary activity of France seemed for a long time to be nil. In the early months of the present year, I studied the *Tablettes Bibliographiques* for 1915. Eight hun-

dred volumes—to eighteen thousand in average years—had been published, and they were largely reprints and technical works. It was evident that the men who might write about the War generally could not, and that those who could write about things which did not pertain to the War dared not.

It is not surprising, therefore, if, to the works I have mentioned above, only two can be added which have enough life in them not only to live, as the literary phrase goes, but to be on a par with the extraordinary life we see on all sides. One is *Gaspard*, by René Benjamin, the other is the very short collection of war poems written by Paul Claudel. *Gaspard* is the story of a snail vendor in the Rue de la Gaîté who goes to the war, gets wounded, and comes home again. Not only the slang but the *bouquet* of it baffles both

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description and translation. It is such a vivid piece of literature that undoubtedly it will be used as a document by future historians with as much reason as *La Chartreuse de Parme*. The *poilu* lives in those rich pages unblurred by any interference of literary or poetic embellishment. Claudel's poems leave another impression. Although they are realistic, too, and convey the homeric sense of truthfulness which has always been the best part of the author's gift, they strike us as war reality, but reality reflected by the patriotic civilian's imagination and sympathy. If we remember that the same can be said of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," it will sound as praise and not disparagement. After all, only one in five Frenchmen is a soldier, and the other four are sincere enough and impassioned enough to reflect poetic verity.

Ernest Dimnet.

## AT THE FISHING VILLAGE.

BY WILFRED OMER COOPER (B.E.F. FRANCE).

Of all parts of England that I know, I think that I love harbors best. They are for ever filled with the very peace of God, and in the little villages that lie beside them the toilers of the deep rest from their labors. Here lie the fishing boats that go out along the coast, and here are the mighty ships that have known all the paths of the ocean, and have their way among the islands of the sea. Here dwell the strong seamen that have their home upon the shores of all the world, and beside them the simple fishermen that toil for ever at their nets and have loved the white cliffs of their own land. All peoples, all tongues are here, and the treasures of all countries and of the kings of the world are gathered together.

Yet it is not a harbor filled with the strong ships that brings a vision of

strange lands and of the deep seas I love most of all. Not far from my home there is a harbor, too shallow for ships, and quiet save for the rowing boats and the little gray punts of duck-shooters, and filled with the peace of the sunset. Into it flow two rivers—one of them famous for its salmon—between stands the old Priory church, a landmark for many miles around, and filled with the beauty given to it by those whose hearts were with God continually. At the mouth of the harbor lies the village of Mudford, and the black houses of the fishermen stand on either side of the "run" through which its waters mingle with those of the sea. On one side are water meadows which in spring are golden with kingcups and white with the cuckoo flower; and on the other lies a heather-covered headland, cut



off from the land by mighty earth-works, reared when the land was yet young and its people still free, and bounded on the seaward side by the high cliffs where the kestrels breed.

This is to me *the* land. Here I would wish to dwell forever listening to the lapping of the waters on the shore, and with the curlew's wild cry mingling with the whistle of the sand-pipers. By the little brackish pools among the reeds the redshanks have their nests and the lapwings are calling over the meadows, while down by the water's edge the cormorants are sitting in a solemn row, and out on the mud-banks the gulls and shelldrakes and dotterel are mingled together in a black-and-white crowd. There is a little wood at the side of the headland, carpeted with wood-sorrel and ivy, amongst which the tiny shrew-mice run to and fro, squeaking and falling over in their excitement when they come on some beetle or earthworm hidden under its leaves. The great silent owls live here, but they do not often come out in the daytime, and the wood is full of the song of the birds and the call of the cuckoo. Bluebells grow among the bracken, and the sunshine falls along the little paths that lead nowhere, while the great blue-and-yellow dragonflies that live by the pools on the hillside dart to and fro among the trees. Here is the dwelling-place of the folk at peace, and he that finds them shall never again be able to return to the world that lies without. Time shall cease for him, and he shall think no more of things past or things to come, for they shall have power over his heart forever.

Down by the water's edge the ground is covered with sea-lavender and thrift and glasswort. Here the adder lies basking in the sunshine, but there is neither hate nor fear between us, and I see in him a part of that eternal whole in which there can be

nothing evil. He, too, is filled with the beauty of Nature, and my love for him is as great as for the briar rose that is blowing in the hedge.

In the water the tiny flat-fish are darting from stone to stone, while the quaint little crabs, always on guard against attack, are sidling across the shingle, and the myses—the phantom shrimps—are gliding along under the surface. The green weed on the stones is a hiding-place for strange-shaped creatures, and in the mud live brightly-colored worms and the "cup-tailed" cyathmus. I have made this one of my happy hunting-grounds, and here I spend the warm summer days searching for that secret of happiness which man alone has failed to unravel. The little folk give me of their knowledge, and I am made wise with the wisdom of the blue waters and of the earth.

In the banks of the harbor lives one who has solved at least one great problem of life—to live without the thought of food. This is a quaint little creature belonging to the great group of the isopoda—the even-footed ones—and its name—gnathia, the toothed—is as an echo of its strange appearance. It has followed the path of degeneracy, for the children eat and toil while the parents neither work nor feed, being as it were dead while life is still within them. The young are glorious in color, green and yellow and brown, and are full of the joy of existence. They swim freely in the water and, clinging to the skins of the little flat-fish with their hooked claws, they suck the blood from their living bodies with their sharp-pointed beaks, growing larger and stronger and more beautiful each day. They are free and happy, and have no thought save for their food and their play: sorrow has not yet fallen upon them, and they are filled with the joy and strength of youth.

But there comes a day when they must abandon their life of adventure and cast away the delights of youth and take up the form and the life of the parents of their race. They are dull-colored, sluggish, and strange in appearance, and none who had not seen would guess that they and their children were of one race. They crawl into holes in the muddy banks, and, eating nothing and seeing nothing in their gloomy hiding-places, they await through the long months the coming of the new generation. The males are fierce-looking and unshapely; their bodies are swollen with the food gathered in their childhood, and they have huge square heads and projecting jaws, but they are timid and retiring in all their ways, and their strong jaws and terrible teeth are but for the tender caresses of love. When they are attacked they do not even attempt to defend themselves, but, folding their legs against their bodies, they seek in the appearance of death a refuge from the perils of life. They walk sedately, and feel their way with their antennæ, but they move as little as may be, for all their desires and hope have gone from them, and there is nothing left that they may work for. They live in little passages leading from the main holes, and are slow and careful in all their movings to and fro. They are not unhappy, yet they can never feel great pleasure, for their senses are dulled, and they have no thought of things past, present, or to come.

The females have taken a step further in their abandonment of the pleasures of life; but they have as reward the great joy of self-sacrifice. Their bodies have gone, and there are left only the shell and the head and limbs linked together by a slender chain of nerves, the empty framework being filled in turn with eggs and with the young. For them the mother has

given up all things, even life itself, and they, in their turn, must pass through the same cycle of existence, and must one day suffer for others, even as others have suffered for them. This is the one aim and object of their existence, and having attained it, they die, knowing that there will never fail of others to carry on the labor of the race. Whether in the days that are to come there shall spring from these slow toilers a stronger, better race, more filled with life and energy, ever working upward, or whether they shall sink to still lower depths none can dare to guess; but they care nothing for these things; the way of life lies straight before them, and they, turning neither to the right nor to the left, press on towards an unknown goal. Their reward is that they have lived, and, never looking backward, they pass into oblivion. In this lies the secret of their happiness: that they have never questioned and have never doubted. They performed the task that was set before them without faltering, and therefore are they freed from all bonds.

The young, when they are at last strong enough to face life alone, creep out from their mother's body—which is left an empty skin, from which the life shall soon vanish—and, without remembering the past or thinking of the future, plunge into the unknown waters and fight out their lives, devouring and being devoured, until the time comes for them to cast aside self and think only of the race. Theirs is strength and happiness, and the fight is full of joy for them, but they shall become weak and without hope; nevertheless, they care nothing for this, having learned but one lesson, which is obedience.

I also have sought to learn this lesson. Yet I know that I shall never be able to see the work that lies before me, but must bow my soul to obey.

even as my path shall be shown unto me. The cool breezes and the voices of the Waters and the crying of these gulls have laid hold of my heart, and my way lies straight before me, for I am bound up with the things of peace forever, and all the dwellers on the shore and in the cool waters of the harbor are in league with me. The purple light of the sunset is upon the quiet waters, and the moorhens are crying from the reeds, and all the life of the shore is silent. A bat flits

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overhead and a great silent owl passes like a shadow: far away the corn-crakes are calling, and a fish rises out in the middle of the harbor with a splash. . . .

The dreams of my childhood come before me, but I know that I must face my fate without murmuring. All the toil and the worry of life are forgotten, and God's peace has wrapped itself about my heart forever. I will wait patiently: the desire of my heart shall be fulfilled unto me.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War" (E. P. Dutton & Company) Claire de Pratz gives a vivid description of her personal experiences and observations in France in the days just before the war and in the early months of the great struggle; and follows it with a series of studies of French unpreparedness, the quality of the French fighting spirit, the influences of the war upon national character, and the Frenchwomen's part in the war. She was in a fishing village on the northern Breton coast when the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, which furnished the pretext for the war, occurred, and was still there when Austria declared war upon Servia. There and later in Paris, she watched the French mobilization and the effect of the sudden call to arms upon the spirit and temper of the French people. Hers is the story of an eye witness of the events described, and the reader will gain from it a thrilling impression of what those tragic days meant to France.

In his treatise on "Workmanship in Words" (Little Brown & Company) James P. Kelley deals with his subject, not in the abstract, but in the concrete, illustrating every principle which

he defines with citations from well-known authors. He finds instances of slipshod construction even in the writings of teachers of rhetoric and in the works of authors of the highest rank, and he places in deadly parallel columns the forms used and those that should have been used. Nothing short of years of study can have sufficed him for such a collection and comparison of quotations, and the impression which even a hasty reader of his diverting chapters must derive from them is that of a widespread carelessness in the use of words, which extends even to the masters of English. While the book is meant primarily for teachers and students, it appeals also to the casual reader by the lucidity of its statements and the humor of its criticisms.

A clever and humorous writer is Lilian H. Tryon and in "Speaking of Home" she boldly faces all the modern forces which are pulling the woman bodily into the bustle of the marts. "Haim's best" is her text and on it she preaches a gay and tender sermon. "Drudgery is a tool of the Devil of Discontent" she asserts in her first chapter and then goes on to prove the beauty of drudgery, the poetry of

the common round, the daily task. She loves the jelly-making side of life, the buying at the door, conversation on the piazza, shabbiness and its holiness, ragbags and relics; on all these she discourses with wisdom and many a quaint turn of phrase. It is—well, a cozy, likable book: one to be dipped into of a winter evening, and over a roaring fire of logs; better still to be read aloud to the click of the goodwife's needles as she knits for the Belgians. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Rainbow's End" by Rex Beach (Harper and Brothers) is an interesting picture of Cuba in the months just before our war with Spain, with its ragged army carrying on guerilla warfare and its women and children starving in the concentration camps. As a story it is not so successful. We are told of a deep love between an Irishman and a beautiful Cuban; there is an able corps of villains; no one could ask for any more bloodshed, and there is a genuine buried treasure—we hear it clink and see it glitter; but it all sounds rather perfunctory. Three of the actors—one thinks of them as actors rather than as characters—are racy and convincing—Leslie Branch, the lugubrious yet humorous consumptive, Norine Evans, the breezy friend of the Cuban government, and "Jacket" the incorrigible sixteen-year-old who prefers to wear nothing else. The others have standardized parts. The bracing air of Alaska agrees with Mr. Beach better than the humidity of the Caribbean.

Royal Dixon, as editor of "The Emigrants in America Review," has been deeply impressed with the need of separating our incoming foreigners from their fatherlands by a swift Americanization. For this purpose he advocates in his book "Americanization" a quick and thorough

teaching of English to the fathers and mothers as well as to the children; cites the example of "English First" campaigns in Detroit and Syracuse; advocates an "Americanization Day" for the whole country; a shorter and easier route for all aliens into citizenship; a stern front towards all nations violating the rights of Americans on sea or land; and a revulsion from the doctrine of "Safety First, which has become our motto, not only in front of our machines, but in the face of nations." He declares for a large army and navy since our "patriotism has fallen to its lowest level." The latter part of the book is largely taken up by a program for the study of Social betterment brought out by Frances A. Kellor and copious extracts from Theodore Roosevelt. The Macmillan Company.

A remarkably intimate and interesting bit of biography is "A New England Childhood" (Little, Brown & Company) in which Margaret Fuller tells the story of the boyhood of Edmund Clarence Stedman. It is a real boy of whom the author writes, and that with such sprightliness and such comprehension of what a New England childhood in the first half of the last century meant, that young readers may well be beguiled by the story even if they know little or nothing of the literary achievements which brought distinction to the mature years of Stedman's life. The author, moreover, as a little child, lived in the places where Stedman had lived; was familiar with the talk of the graybeards in the village lounging place which Stedman haunted; and was afflicted with the same Sunday headache as she listened to the same Reverend Parson in the meeting house where young Stedman was an inattentive listener. The book has flavor and readers young or old will enjoy it.